OEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

By Mr. *JOHN GAY.*

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

LONDON:

INTOT, and J. and R. TONSON.

MDCCXXXVII.

THE

CONTENTS.

Epistle to a Lady. Page 5
Epistle to the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington. 12
Epistle to the Right Hon. William Pulteney, *Esq*; 20
Epistle to the Right Honourable Paul Methuen, *Esq*; 33
An Answer to the Sompner's *Prologue of* Chaucer, *a Tale.* 41
Work for a Cooper, a Tale. 45
The Equivocation, a Tale. 53
A true story of an Apparition. 55
The mad Dog, a Tale. 62
The Birth of the Squire, an Eclogue. 73
The Toilette, a Town Eclogue. 79
The Tea-Table, a Town Eclogue. 85
The Funeral, a Town Eclogue, 91
The Espousal, a sober Eclogue between two of the People called Quakers. 97
To my ingenious and worthy Friend W--- L--- *Esq*; 105
Panthea, *an Elegy,* 109

Araminta,

Araminta, *an Elegy.* Page
An Elegy on a Lap-dog.
To a young Lady with some Lampreys.
Prologue, design'd for the Pastoral Tragedy of D

Sweet William's *Farewell, a Ballad.*
The Lady's Lamentation.
Damon *and* Cupid. 131
Daphnis *and* Chloe. 133
A Contemplation on Night. 136
A Thought on Eternity. 139
My own Epitaph. 141
Dione, *a Pastoral Tragedy.* 143

EPISTLES

ON

Several Occaſions.

EPISTLE I.

TO A

LADY.

Occasioned by the Arrival of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ:
You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
And kindly strove to teaze me into rhyme:

No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,
Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damsels sport,
But sing the glories of the *British* court.

By your commands and inclination sway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid;
Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the Poem rose.

Aid me, bright Phœbus; *aid, ye sacred Nine;*
Exalt my Genius, and my verse refine.
My strains with Carolina's *name I grace,*
The lovely parent of our royal race.
Breathe soft, ye winds, ye waves in silence sleep;
Let prosp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the watry way.

Here I to *Neptune* form'd a pompous pray'r,
To rein the winds, and guard the royal Fair;
Bid the blue *Tritons* sound their twisted shells,
And call the *Nereids* from their pearly cells.

Thus

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muſe along,
... no method to conduct her ſong:
... reſolv'd ſome model to purſue,
...s'd *French* Criticks, and began anew.
The...ng open panegyrick drags at beſt,
And praiſe is only praiſe when well addreſs'd.

Straight *Horace* for ſome lucky Ode I ſought:
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought:
This new performance to a friend I ſhow'd;
For ſhame, ſays he, what, imitate an Ode!
I'd rather ballads write, and *Grubſtreet* lays,
Than pillage *Cæſar* for my patron's praiſe:
One common fate all imitators ſhare,
To ſave mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, ſimilies, Lords names, and ends of wit;
In blotted ſtanzas ſcraps of Odes expire,
And fuſtian mounts in Pyramids of fire.

Ladies, to you I next inſcrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way:
For ſtill impatient till the Princeſs came,
You from deſcription wiſh'd to know the dame.

Each day my pleaſing labour larger grew,
For ſtill new graces open'd to my view.
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,
And then I thus purſu'd the growing ſcheme.

Beauty and wit were ſure by nature join'd,
And charms are emanations of the mind;
The ſoul tranſpiercing through the ſhining frame,
Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame:
Benevolence her converſation guides,
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye reſides.
Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
As ſoftens English *to* Italian *ſound:*
Yet in thoſe ſounds ſuch ſentiments appear,
As charm the Judgment, while they ſooth the ear.

Religion's chearful flame her boſom warms,
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
Henceforth, ye Fair, at chapel mind your pray'rs,
Nor catch your lovers eyes with artful airs;
Reſtrain your looks, kneel more, and whiſper leſs,
Nor moſt devoutly criticize on dreſs.

From her form all your characters of life,
The tender mother, and the faithful wife.

Oft

Oft have I ſeen her little infant train,
... promiſe of a future reign;
...v'd with pleaſure ev'ry dawning grace,
... all the mother op'ning in their face,
The ſon ſhall add new honours to the line,
And early with paternal virtues ſhine;
When he the tale of Audenard *repeats,*
His little heart with emulation beats;
With conqueſts yet to come his boſom glows,
He dreams of triumphs and of vanquiſh'd foes.
Each year with arts ſhall ſtore his rip'ning brain,
And from his Grandſire he ſhall learn to reign.

Thus far I'd gone: Propitious riſing gales
Now bid the ſailor hoiſt the ſwelling ſails.
Fair *Carolina* lands; the cannons roar,
White *Albion*'s cliffs reſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Behold the bright original appear,
All praiſe is faint when *Carolina*'s near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but Poet's coſt,
The Princeſs came, and my new plan was loſt.

Since all my ſchemes were balk'd, my laſt reſort,
I left the Muſes to frequent the Court;

Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Enquir'd what news, or such a Lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the same.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd *Gay*.
I ask'd a friend what method to pursue;
He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
Another ask'd me, why I had not writ;
A Poet owes his fortune to his wit,
Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace,
Flows easy verse from him that has a place!
Had *Virgil* ne'er at court improv'd his strains,
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;
And had not *Horace* sweet preferment found,
The *Roman* lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once Ladies fair in homely guise I sung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.
Oh, teach me now to strike a softer strain!
The Court refines the language of the plain.

You must, cries one, the ministry rehearse,
And with each Patriot's name prolong your verse.

But

Becauſe this truth to Poets ſhould be known,
That praiſing all alike, is praiſing none.

Another told me, if I wiſh'd ſucceſs,
To ſome diſtinguiſh'd Lord I muſt addreſs;
One whoſe high virtues ſpeak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and ſtrong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, reſolute in fight;
Whoſe gen'rous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble Patron ſhown,
But I, alas! am to *Argyle* unknown.

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to ſucceed;
But now preferments ſo poſſeſs'd my brain,
That ſcarce I could produce a ſingle ſtrain:
Indeed I ſometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connection as without deſign.
One morn upon the Princeſs this I writ,
An Epigram that boaſts more truth than wit.

The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:
For this, on earth, the British *crown was giv'n,*
And an immortal crown decreed in heav'n.

Again, while *GEORGE*'s virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetick fancy wrought.

Methinks I see some Bard, whose heav'nly rage
Shall rise in song, and warm a future age;
Look back through time, and, rapt in wonder, trace
The glorious series of the Brunswick *race.*

From the first George *these godlike kings descend,*
A line which only with the world shall end.
The next a gen'rous Prince renown'd in arms,
And bless'd, long bless'd in Carolina's *charms;*
From these the rest. 'Tis thus secure in peace,
We plow the fields, and reap the year's increase:
Now Commerce, *wealthy Goddess, rears her head,*
And bids Britannia's *fleets their canvas spread;*
Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,
And wealth returns with each revolving tide.

Here

Here paus'd the ſullen Muſe, in haſte I dreſs'd,
And through the crowd of needy courtiers preſs'd;
Though unſucceſsful, happy whilſt I ſee,
Thoſe eyes that glad a nation, ſhine on me.

E P I S T L E II.

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of *BURLINGTON.*

A Journey to EXETER.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid ſtately piles
aſcend,
Or in your *Chiſwick* bow'rs enjoy your
friend;
Where *Pope* unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plumb, and bluſhing peach;

I jour-

I journey far---You knew ſat Bards might tire,
And, mounted, ſent me forth your truſty Squire.

'Twas on the day that city dames repair
To take their weekly doſe of *Hide-Park* air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infeſt,
For ſtill on *Sundays* country horſes reſt.
Thy gardens, *Kenſington*, we leave unſeen;
Through *Hammerſmith* jog on to *Turnham-green*:
That *Turnham-green*, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for * *Solomon* is dead.
Three duſty miles reach *Branford*'s tedious town,
For dirty ſtreet, and white-leg'd chickens known:
Thence o'er wide ſhrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where *Thames* divides the meads of *Stanes*.
We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now *Bagſhot-Heath* we croſs,
Where broken gameſters oft' repair their loſs.
At *Hartley-Row* the foaming bit we preſt,
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry gueſt.

* *A man lately famous for feeding pigeons at* Turnham-green.

Supper

Supper was ended, healths the glaſſes crown'd,
Our hoſt extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,
Relates the Juſtices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What Lords had been his gueſts in days of yore;
And prais'd their wiſdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep:
The morning roſe; but we lay faſt aſleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the ſultry ſun,
And *Popham-Lane* was ſcarce in ſight by one:
The ſtragling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the ſtage-coach'd laſs reſign'd her gold;
That gold which had in *London* purchas'd gowns,
And ſent her home a *Belle* to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood;
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For ſhould the maiden mother nurſe her ſon,
'Twould ſpoil her match, when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hoſteſs nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breaſt to ſuckle nineteen more.
Be juſt, ye Prudes, wipe off the long arrear:
Be virgins ſtill in town, but mothers here.

Sutton

Sutton we paſs, and leave her ſpacious down,
And with the ſetting ſun reach *Stockbridge* town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy ev'ry viſage wears;
What, no Election come in ſeven long years!
Of all our race of Mayors, ſhall *Snow* alone
Be by Sir *Richard*'s dedication known?
Our ſtreets no more with tides of ale ſhall float,
Nor coblers feaſt three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,
Where the clok'd ſhepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bow'rs a noonday ſhelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art he counts the ſtragling flock,
And by the ſun informs you what's o'clock.
How are our ſhepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays;
From her no liſt'ning echos learn to ſing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here ſheep the paſture hide, there harveſts bend,
See *Sarum*'s ſteeple o'er yon hill aſcend;

Our

Our horfes faintly trot, beneath the heat,
And our keen ftomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forfake thy walls, and not admire
The proud Cathedral, and the lofty fpire?
What fempftrefs has not prov'd thy fciffars good?
From hence firft came th' intriguing ridinghood.
Amid * three boarding-fchools well-ftock'd with miffes,
Shall three knights errant ftarve for want of kiffes?

O'er the green turf the miles flide fwift away,
And *Blandford* ends the labours of the day.
The morning rofe; the fupper reck'ning paid,
And our due fees difcharg'd to man and maid,
The ready oftly near the ftirrup ftands,
And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.

Now the fteep hill fair *Dorchefter* o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wafh'd by filver brooks.
Here fleep my two companions eyes fuppreft,
And propt in elbow chairs they fnoring reft:
I weary fit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful poftures, and their eyelefs face;

* *There are three boarding-fchools in this town.*

Then

Then dedicate each glaſs to ſome fair name,
And on the ſaſh the diamond ſcrawls my flame.
Now o'er true *Roman* way our horſes ſound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiſs the ſacred ground.
On either ſide low fertile valleys lye,
The diſtant proſpects tire the trav'ling eye.
Through *Bridport*'s ſtony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud ſteep deſcend to *Morcombe*'s lake.
As herſes paſs'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful ſcutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And ſtrip the lobſter of his ſcarlet mail.

We climb the hills when ſtarry night aroſe,
And *Axminſter* affords a kind repoſe.
The maid ſubdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas ſmocks.
Mean time our ſhirts her buſy fingers rub,
While the ſope lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If womens geer ſuch pleaſing dreams incite,
Lend us your ſmocks, ye damſels, ev'ry night!
We riſe, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.

The

The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when *Venus* strok'd the beard of *Jove*.

Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd farms and groves,
Our eye through *Honiton*'s fair valley roves.
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands.
This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse.
But were his Muse for Elegy unfit,
Perhaps a Distich might not strain his wit;

If

If Epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
Then *Hobbinol* might propagate his bays,
And *Tuttle-fields* record his simple lays;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses eyes,
While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies.
Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet.
Then *Maurus* in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great *William*'s sign.
* *This is the man, this the* Nassovian, *whom*
I nam'd the brave deliverer to come.
But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and *Devon*'s city gain.
Hail, happy native land! ---- but I forbear,
What other Counties must with envy hear.

* *Prince* Arthur, *Book* 5.

EPISTLE III.

To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq;

PULT'NEY, methinks you blame my
breach of word;
What, cannot *Paris* one poor page afford?
Yes, I can ſagely, when the times are paſt,
Laugh at thoſe follies which I ſtrove to taſte,
And each amuſement, which we ſhar'd, review,
Pleas'd with meer talking, ſince I talk to you,
But how ſhall I deſcribe in humble proſe,
Their Balls, Aſſemblies, Operas and Beaus?
In proſe, you cry! Oh no, the Muſe muſt aid,
And leave *Parnaſſus* for the *Tuillerie*'s ſhade;

Shall

Shall he (who late *Britannia*'s city trod,
And led the draggled Muſe, with pattens ſhod,
Through dirty lanes, and alley's doubtful ways)
Refuſe to write, when *Paris* asks his lays!

Well then, I'll try. Deſcend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow ſhine,
Let ſparkling ſtars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the bluſhes of the crimſon morn,
So may ye balls and gay Aſſemblies grace,
And at the Opera claim the foremoſt place.

Trav'lers ſhould ever fit expreſſion chuſe,
Nor with low phraſe the lofty theme abuſe.
When they deſcribe the ſtate of eaſtern Lords,
Pomp and magnificence ſhould ſwell their words;
And when they paint the ſerpent's ſcaly pride,
Their lines ſhould hiſs, their numbers ſmoothly ſlide;
But they, unmindful of Poetick rules,
Deſcribe alike Mockaws, and Great-*Moguls*.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning ſatire,
Dreſs forth in ſimple ſtyle the *Petit-maitre*.

In Paris, *there's a race of animals,*
(I've ſeen them at their Operas and Balls.)

They stand erect, they dance when-e'er they walk,
Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;
They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
And, like camelions, daily change their hue;
From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces,
This custom, as we visibly discern,
They, by frequenting Ladies toilettes, learn,
Thus might the trav'ler easy truth impart.
Into the subject let me nobly start!

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the Ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance;
While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;
No broider'd flow'rs his worsted ancle grace,
Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;
No Lady's favour on his sword is hung.
What, though *Apollo* dictate from his tongue,
His wit is spiritless and void of grace,
Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace.

While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;
Like a Court Lady though he write and ſpell,
His minuet ſtep was faſhion'd by * *Marcell*;
He dreſſes, fences. What avails to know?
For women chuſe their men, like ſilks, for ſhow.
Is this the thing, you cry, that *Paris* boaſts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our Toaſts?
For ſuch a flutt'ring ſight we need not roam;
Our own Aſſenblies ſhine with theſe at home.

Let us into the field of Beauty ſtart;
Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd the heart.
Think not, ye Fair, that I the Sex accuſe;
How ſhall I ſpare you, prompted by the Muſe?
(The Muſes all are *Prudes*) ſhe rails, ſhe frets,
Amidſt this ſprightly nation of *Coquettes*;
Yet let not us their looſe coquett'ry blame;
Women of ev'ry nation are the ſame.

You aſk me, if *Pariſian* dames, like ours,
With rattling dice prophane the *Sunday*'s hours;
If they the gameſter's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And ſtake their honour while their husbands ſleep.

* A *famous dancing-maſter.*

Yes,

Yes, Sir, like *English* Toasts, the dames of *France*
Will risque their income on a single chance.
Nannette last night at tricking *Pharaon* play'd,
The cards the Taillier's sliding hand obey'd;
To day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old *Chloris* an Assembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns,
And no bold *Trente la va* her fortune turns.
Ah too rash virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duly paid?

But let me not forget the *Toilette*'s cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
Madame to-day puts on her Opera face;
From this we scarce extract the milk-maid's bloom,
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room:
Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale!

Nor

Not but that *France* ſome native beauty boaſts,
Clermont and *Charolois* might grace our Toaſts.

When the ſweet-breathing ſpring unfolds the buds,
Love flys the duſty town for ſhady woods.
Then *Tottenham* fields with roving beauty ſwarm,
And *Hampſtead* Balls the city virgin warm,
Then *Chelſea*'s meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the preſt graſs defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the ſame; but in a higher ſphere,
For ev'n Court Ladies ſin in open air.
What Cit with a gallant would truſt his ſpouſe
Beneath the tempting ſhade of *Greenwich* boughs?
What Peer of *France* would let his Dutcheſs rove,
Where *Boulogne*'s cloſeſt woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blaſt her husband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the graſs the ſhepherd ſighs his pain,
And on the graſs what ſhepherd ſighs in vain?
On *Chloe*'s lap here *Damon* lay'd along,
Melts with the languiſh of her am'rous ſong;
There *Iris* flies *Palæmon* through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—'till in the thickeſt ſhade;

Here *Celimene* defends her lips and breaſt,
For kiſſes are by ſtruggling cloſer preſt;
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold;
Be wiſe, *Alexis*; what ſo near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
Such were our pleaſures in the days of yore,
When am'rous *Charles Britannia*'s ſcepter bore;
The nightly ſcene of joy the *Park* was made,
And Love in couples peopled ev'ry ſhade.
But ſince at Court the rural taſte is loſt,
What mighty ſums have velvet couches coſt!

Sometimes the *Tuillerie*'s gawdy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of ruſtling manteau's rove;
As here from ſide to ſide my eyes I caſt,
And gaz'd on all the glitt'ring train that paſt,
Sudden a fop ſteps forth before the reſt;
I knew the bold embroidery of his veſt.
He thus accoſts me with familiar air,
Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!
Quelle manche! ce galon eſt groſſiérement rangé,
Voila quelque choſe de fort beau et degagé!

This

This ſaid: On his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a ſoft minuet, and proceeds agen.
Well; now you've Paris *ſeen, you'll frankly own*
Your boaſted London *ſeems a country town;*
Has Chriſtianity yet reach'd your nation?
Are churches built? Are Maſquerades in faſhion?
Do daily Soups your dinners introduce?
Are muſick, ſnuff, and coaches yet in uſe?
Pardon me, Sir; we know the *Paris* mode,
And gather *Politeſſe* from Courts abroad.
Like you, our Courtiers keep a nume'rous train
To load their coach and tradeſmen dun in vain.
Nor has religion left us in the lurch,
And, as in *France*, our vulgar croud the Church;
Our Ladies too ſupport the Maſquerade,
The ſex by nature love th'intriguing trade.
Straight the vain fop in ign'rant rapture cries,
Paris *the barb'rous world will civilize!*
Pray, Sir, point out among the paſſing band
The preſent Beauties who the town command.
See yonder dame; ſtrict virtue chills her breaſt,
Mark in her eye demure the Prude profeſt;
That frozen boſom native fire muſt want,
Which boaſts of conſtancy to one Gallant!

This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
Rich Dandin's *brilliant favours grace her ears;*
The necklace Florio's *gen'rous flame bestow'd,*
Clitander's *sparkling gems her finger load;*
But now, her charms grown cheap by constant use,
She sins for scarfs, clock'd stockings, knots, and shoes.
This next, with sober gate and serious leer,
Wearies her knees with morn and ev'ning prayer;
She scorns th'ignoble love of feeble pages,
But with three Abbots in one night engages.
This with the Cardinal her nights employs,
Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.
Why have I promis'd things beyond my power!
Five assignations wait me at this hour,
The sprightly Countess first my visit claims,
To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
Pardon me, Sir; that thus I take my leave,
Gay Florimella *slily twitch'd my sleeve.*

Adieu, Monsieur—The Opera hour draws near.
Not see the Opera! all the world is there;
Where on the stage th'embroider'd youth of *France*
In bright array attract the female glance:

This

This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,
And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.

But hark! the full *Orchestra* strike the strings;
The Hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confus'd, like *Babel's* mingled sound.
Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow'd ev'ry note.
Pray Sir, says I, suspend a-while your song,
The Opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong;
I wish to hear your *Roland's* ranting strain,
While he with rooted forests strows the plain.
Sudden he shrugs surprize, and answers quick,
Monsieur apparement n'aime pas la musique.
Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise;
And the loud Chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O sooth me with some soft *Italian* air,
Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!
When *Anastasia's* voice commands the strain,
The melting warble thrills through ev'ry vein;

Thought ſtands ſuſpenſe, and ſilence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heav'nly Choir deſcends.

But you'll imagine I'm a *Frenchman* grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
So ſtrongly with this prejudice poſſeſt,
He thinks *French* muſick and *French* painting beſt.
Mention the force of learn'd *Corelli*'s notes,
Some ſcraping fidler of their Ball he quotes;
Talk of the ſpirit *Raphael*'s pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whoſe ſpeaking picture lives;
Yes Sir, ſays he, in colour and deſign,
Rigaut and *Raphael* are extremely fine!

'Tis true his country's love tranſports his breaſt
With warmer zeal, than your old *Greeks* profeſt.
Ulyſſes lov'd his *Ithaca* of yore,
Yet that ſage trav'ler left his native ſhore;
What ſtronger vertue in the *Frenchman* ſhines!
He to dear *Paris* all his life confines.
I'm not ſo fond. There are, I muſt confeſs,
Things which might make me love my country leſs.
I ſhould not think my *Britain* had ſuch charms,
If loſt to learning, if enſlav'd by arms;

France has her *Richlieus* and her *Colberts* known,
And then, I grant it, *France* in ſcience ſhone;
We too, I own, without ſuch aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival *France*.

But let me not forget *Corneille*, *Racine*,
Boileau's ſtrong ſenſe and *Moliere*'s hum'rous Scene.
Let *Cambray*'s name be ſung above the reſt,
Whoſe maxims, *Pult'ney*, warm thy patriot breaſt;
In *Mentor*'s precepts wiſdom ſtrong and clear
Dictates ſublime, and diſtant nations hear.
Hear all ye Princes, who the world controul,
What cares, what terrors haunt the tyrant's ſoul;
His conſtant train are anger, fear, diſtruſt.
To be a King, is to be good and juſt;
His people he protects, their rights he ſaves,
And ſcorns to rule a wretched race of ſlaves.

Happy, thrice happy ſhall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws deſpotic power reſtrain!
There ſhall the plough-ſhare break the ſtubborn land,
And bending harveſts tire the peaſant's hand:
There liberty her ſettled manſion boaſts,
There commerce plenty brings from foreign coaſts.

O *Britain*, guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
So ſhall theſe bleſſings to thy ſons deſcend!

You'll think 'tis time ſome other theme to chuſe,
And not with Beaus and Fops fatigue the Muſe!
Should I let Satyr looſe on *Engliſh* ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verſe is to one race confin'd,
All *Frenchmen* are of *Petit-maitre* kind.

EPISTLE IV.

To the Right Honourable

PAUL METHUEN Esq;

THAT, 'tis encouragement makes Science ſpread,
Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often ſaid;
When learning droops and ſickens in the land,
What Patron's found to lend a ſaving hand?
True gen'rous Spirits proſp'rous vice deteſt,
And love to cheriſh vertue when diſtreſt:

But ere our mighty Lords this ſcheme purſue,
Our mighty Lords muſt think and act like you.

Why muſt we climb the *Alpine* mountain's ſides
To find the ſeat where Harmony reſides?
Why touch we not ſo ſoft the ſilver lute,
The cheerful haut-boy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' *Italian* climate improves the ſound,
But there the Patrons of her ſons are found.

Why flouriſh'd verſe in great *Auguſtus'* reign?
He and *Mecænas* lov'd the Muſe's ſtrain.
But now that wight in poverty muſt mourn
Who was (O cruel ſtars!) a Poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write ranc'rous libels to reform the State:
Or if you chooſe more ſure and ready ways,
Spatter a Miniſter with fulſom praiſe:
Lanch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not, all men are dedication proof.
Be bolder yet, you muſt go farther ſtill,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He who his pen in party quarrels draws,
Liſts an hir'd bravo to ſupport the cauſe;

He

He muſt indulge his Patron's hate and ſpleen,
And ſtab the fame of thoſe he ne'er has ſeen.
Why then ſhould authors mourn their deſp'rate caſe?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? exert the gifts to riſe,
And baniſh tim'rous vertue from thy eyes.

All this ſeems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Againſt th' ungrateful age theſe authors roar,
And fancy learning ſtarves becauſe they're poor.
Yet why ſhould learning hope ſucceſs at Court?
Why ſhould our Patriots vertue's cauſe ſupport?
Why to true merit ſhould they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meaneſt of the Muſe's train)
Can boaſt ſubſcriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praiſe.

Ask Painting, why ſhe loves *Heſperian* air,
Go view, ſhe cries, my glorious labours there;
There in rich palaces I reign in ſtate,
And on the temple's lofty domes create.

The

The Nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the ſcience, and the painter prize.

Why didſt thou, *Kent*, forgo thy native land,
To emulate in picture *Raphael*'s hand?
Think'ſt thou for this to raiſe thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of *Rome*;
There on the walls let thy juſt labours ſhine,
And *Raphael* live again in thy deſign.
Yet ſtay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For *Burlington* unbiaſs'd knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy maſter-ſtrokes can trace
Titian's ſtrong fire and *Guido*'s ſofter grace;
But, oh conſider, ere thy works appear,
Canſt thou unhurt the tongue of envy bear?
Cenſure will blame, her breath was ever ſpent
To blaſt the laurels of the Eminent.
While *Burlington*'s proportion'd columns riſe,
Does not he ſtand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows are condemn'd by paſſing fools,
Who know not that they damn *Palladio*'s rules.
If *Chandois* with a lib'ral hand beſtow,
Cenſure imputes it all to pomp and ſhow;

When,

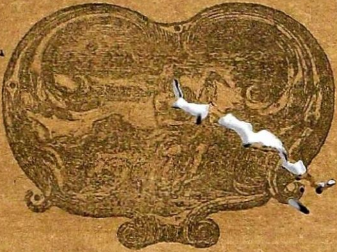
When, if the motive right were underſtood,
His daily pleaſure is in doing good.

Had *Pope* with groveling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.
'Tis the ſublime that hurts the Critic's eaſe;
Write nonſenſe and he reads and ſleeps in peace.
Were *Prior*, *Congreve*, *Swift* and *Pope* unknown,
Poor ſlander-ſelling *Curll* would be undone.
He who would free from malice paſs his days,
Muſt live obſcure, and never merit praiſe.
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deſerving well.

A crow was ſtrutting o'er the ſtubbled plain,
Juſt as a lark deſcending clos'd his ſtrain.
The crow beſpoke him thus with ſolemn grace,
Thou moſt accompliſh'd of the feather'd race,
What force of lungs! how clear! how ſweet you ſing!
And no bird ſoars upon a ſtronger wing.
The lark, who ſcorn'd ſoft flatt'ry, thus replies,
True, I ſing ſweet, and on ſtrong pinion riſe;
Yet let me paſs my life from envy free,
For what advantage are theſe gifts to me?

My

My ſong confines me to the wiry cage,
My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
But as you paſs, I hear the fowlers ſay,
To ſhoot at crows is powder flung away.



TALES.

TALES.

An Anſwer to the Sompner's *Prologue of* Chaucer.

In imitation of Chaucer's *ſtyle.*

THE *Sompner* leudly hath his Prologue told,
And ſaine on the Freers his tale japing and bold;
How that in Hell they ſearchen near and wide,
And ne one Freer in all thilke place eſpyde,
But lo! the devil turn'd his erſe about,
And twenty thouſand Freers wend in and out.

By

By which in *Jeoffrys* rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of Freers.

Now liſtneth lordings! forthwith ye ſhall hear,
What happend at a houſe in *Lancaſhire*.
A miſere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a houſe which emptye long y-ſtood,
Full deeply ſited in a derkning wood,
Murmring a ſhallow brook runneth along,
Mong the round ſtones it maken doleful ſong.

Now there ſpreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms ihaunted been by many a ſprite,
The miller avoucheth, and all thereabout,
That they full oft' hearen the helliſh rout;
Some ſaine they hear the jingling of chains,
And ſome hath yheard the pſautries ſtraines,
At midnight ſome the headleſs horſe imeet,
And ſome eſpien a corſe in a white ſheet,
And oother things, faye, elfin and elſe,
And ſhapes that fear createn to it ſelſe.

Now it ſo hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of gray Freers a fair and rich Abbaye,

Where liven a Freer ycleped *Pere Thomas*,
Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds paſs.

This Freer would lye in thilke houſe all night,
In hope he might eſpyen a dreadful ſprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of Saintes, and bookes of prayere.
He entreth the room, and looketh round about,
And haſpen the door to haſpen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put cloſe by the bed,
And in low tone his *ave marye* ſaid.
With water now beſprinkled hath the floore,
And maken croſs on key-hole of the doore.
Ne was there not a mouſe-hole in thilke place,
But he y-croſſed hath by God his grace;
He croſſed with this, and eke he croſſed that,
With *Benedicite* and God knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had juſt ſtricken the twelfth ſoun.
Bethinketh hym now what the cauſe had ibeen,
Why many ſprites by mortals have been ſeen.
Hem remembreth how *Dan Plutarch* hath y-ſed
That *Cæſar's* ſprite came to *Brute* his bed;

Of

Of chains that frighten erst *Artemidore*,
The tales of *Pline*, *Valere*, and many more.
Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anon;
Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:
Or thinketh hem, if he mought see no sprite,
The Abbay mought buy this house cheape outright.

As hem thus thinketh, anone asleep he lies,
Up starten *Sathanas* with saucer eyes.
He turneth the Freer upon his face downright,
Displaying his nether checks ful broad and white.
Then quoth *Dan Sathanas* as he thwack'd him sore,
Thou didst forget to guard thy postern door.
There is an hole which hath not crossed been,
Farewel, from whence I came, I creepen in.

Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,
If Devils in hell bear Freers in their erse,
On earth the Devil in Freers doth y-dwell,
Were there no Freers, the Devil mought keep in hell.

WORK

WORK *for a* COOPER.

A TALE.

A Man may lead a happy life,
Without that needful thing a wife:
This long have luſty Abbots known,
Who nee'r knew ſpouſes --- of their own.

What though your houſe be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds compleat;
Though you each day invite a friend,
Though he ſhould every diſh commend,
On *Bagſhot-heath* your mutton fed,
Your fowls at *Brandford* born and bred;
Though pureſt wine your cellars boaſt,
Wine worthy of the faireſt Toaſt;
Yet there are other things requir'd:
Ring, and let's ſee the maid you hir'd ——
Bleſs me! thoſe hands might hold a broom,
Twirle round a mop, and waſh a room:

A batchelor his maid ſhould keep,
Not for that ſervile uſe to ſweep,
Let her his humour underſtand,
And turn to ev'ry thing her hand.
Get you a laſs that's young and tight,
Whoſe arms are, like her apron, white;
What though her ſhift be ſeldom ſeen?
Let that though coarſe be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wriſt your ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguiſh jeſt,
Or ſqueeze her hand, or pat her breaſt,
She cries, oh dear Sir, don't be naught!
And bluſhes ſpeak her laſt night's fault.
To her your houſhold cares confide,
Let your key jingle at her ſide,
A footman's blunders teaſe and fret ye,
E'en while you chide you ſmile on *Betty*.
Diſcharge him then, if he's too ſpruce,
For *Betty*'s for his maſter's uſe.

Will you your am'rous fancy balk,
For fear ſome prudiſh neighbour talk?

But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid;
Beſides your wiſer heads will ſay,
That ſhe who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your ſilver ſpoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilf'ring trade?
For love all *Betty*'s wants ſupplies,
Laces her ſhoes, her manteau dyes,
All her ſtuff ſuits ſhe flings away,
And wears thread ſattin every day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchin fire?
When all muſt own, were *Betty* put
To the black duties of the ſlut,
As well ſhe ſcow'rs or ſcrubs a floor,
And ſtill is good for ſomething more.

Thus to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a Prieſt, of conſcience nice,
To quench his luſt for neighbour's ſpouſe,
Keep fornication in his houſe.

A batchelor his maid ſhould keep,
Not for that ſervile uſe to ſweep,
Let her his humour underſtand,
And turn to ev'ry thing her hand.
Get you a laſs that's young and tight,
Whoſe arms are, like her apron, white;
What though her ſhift be ſeldom ſeen?
Let that though coarſe be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wriſt your ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguiſh jeſt,
Or ſqueeze her hand, or pat her breaſt,
She cries, oh dear Sir, don't be naught!
And bluſhes ſpeak her laſt night's fault.
To her your houſhold cares confide,
Let your key jingle at her ſide,
A footman's blunders teaſe and fret ye,
E'en while you chide you ſmile on *Betty*.
Diſcharge him then, if he's too ſpruce,
For *Betty*'s for his maſter's uſe.

Will you your am'rous fancy balk,
For fear ſome prudiſh neighbour talk?

But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid;
Besides your wiser heads will say,
That she who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your silver spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilf'ring trade?
For love all *Betty*'s wants supplies,
Laces her shoes, her manteau dyes,
All her stuff suits she flings away,
And wears thread sattin every day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchin fire?
When all must own, were *Betty* put
To the black duties of the slut,
As well she scow'rs or scrubs a floor,
And still is good for something more.

Thus to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a Priest, of conscience nice,
To quench his lust for neighbour's spouse,
Keep fornication in his house.

But

But you're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counsel, curse my rhyme,
Be satisfy'd. I'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins ---- Of yore
There dwelt at *Blois* a Priest full fair,
With rolling eye and crisped hair,
His chin hung low, his brow was sleek,
Plenty lay basking on his cheek,
Whole days at cloyster grates he sat,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly; the Nuns lamented
That double bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton wife confest,
With downcast eye, and heaving breast;
He strok'd her cheek to still her fear,
And talk'd of sins *en Cavalier*.
Each time enjoyn'd her penance mild,
And fondled on her like his child.
At ev'ry jovial gossip's feast
Pere Bernard was a welcome guest,
Mirth suffer'd not the least restraint,
He could at will shake off the saint:
Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke,
But shook his sides, and took the joke;

Nor fail'd he to promote the jeſt,
And ſhar'd the ſins which they confeſt.

Yet that he might not always rome,
He kept conveniencies at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well limb'd for ev'ry ſocial duty;
He meddled with no houſhold cares,
To her conſign'd his whole affairs;
She of his Study kept the keys,
For he was ſtudious --- of his eaſe:
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage ev'ry cheſt and box,
Her honeſty ſuch credit gain'd,
Not e'en the cellar was reſtrain'd.

In troth it was a goodly ſhow,
Lin'd with full hogſheads all a-row;
One veſſel, from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the reſt he lov'd.
Pour la bonne bouche 'twas ſet aſide,
To all but choiceſt friends deny'd.
He now and then would ſend a quart,
To warm ſome wife's retentive heart,

Against confession's sullen hour:
Wine has all secrets in its power.
At common feasts it had been waste,
Nor was it fit for layman's taste,
If monk or friar were his guest,
They drank it, for they know the best.
Nay, he at length so fond was grown,
He always drank it when---- alone.

Who shall recount his civil labours,
In pious visits to his neighbours?
Whene'er weak husbands went astray,
He guest their wives were in the way,
'Twas then his charity was shown,
He chose to see them when alone,

Now was he bent on cuckoldom:
He knew friend *Dennis* was from home;
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a husband's duty)
Had often told him at confession,
How hard she struggled 'gainst transgression.
He now resolves, in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue stood.

He knew that wine (to love best aid)
Has oft' made bold the shamefac'd maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd up at *Smith*'s or *Needham*'s.

A mighty bottle straight he chose,
Such as might give two Friars their dose:
Nannette he call'd: the cellar door
She straight unlocks, descends before,
He follow'd close. But when he spys
His fav'rite cask; with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he crys.
Heigh day! my darling wine astoop!
It must, alas! have sprung a hoop;
That there's a leak is past all doubt,
(Reply'd the maid) --- I'll find it out.
She sets the candle down in haste,
Tucks her white apron round her waste,
The hogshead's mouldy side ascends,
She straddles wide, and downward bends;
So low she stoops to seek the flaw,
Her coats rose high, her master saw ---
I see --- he crys --- (then claspt her fast)
The leak through which my wine has past.

Then all in haſte the maid deſcended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in *Nannette* all he wanted.
So *Dennis'* brows remain'd unplanted.

Ere ſince this time all luſty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant deſires,
Whene'er the fleſh with ſpirit quarrels)
Look on the ſex as leaky barrels.
Beware of theſe, ye jealous ſpouſes,
From ſuch like coopers guard your houſes;
For if they find not work at home,
For jobs through all the town they rome.

THE

EQUIVOCATION.

A TALE.

AN Abbot rich (whose taste was good
Alike in science and in food)
His Bishop had resolv'd to treat;
The Bishop came, the Bishop eat;
'Twas silence, 'till their stomachs fail'd;
And now at Hereticks they rail'd;
What Heresy (the Prelate said)
Is in that Church where Priests may wed!
Do not we take the Church for life?
But those divorce her for a wife,
Like laymen keep her in their houses,
And own the children of their spouses.
Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd,
For pious use we're set aside!
Shall we take wives? marriage at best
Is but carnality profest.

Now as the Biſhop took his glaſs,
He ſpy'd our Abbot's buxom laſs
Who croſs'd the room, he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with Love; his pulſe beat high.
Fye, father, fye, (the Prelate cries)
A maid ſo young! for ſhame, be wiſe.
Theſe indiſcretions lend a handle
To lewd lay tongues, to give us ſcandal;
For your vows ſake, this rule I give t'ye,
Let all your maids by turn'd of fifty.

The Prieſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſte precept well obſerv'd;
That laſs full twenty five has told,
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one ſum their ages caſt;
So both my maids are fifty paſt.

The Prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
Fo why? his Lordſhip did the ſame.

Let thoſe who reprimand their brothers,
First mend the faults they find in others.

A true STORY *of an* APPARITION.

SCepticks (whoſe ſtrength of argument makes out
That wiſdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
Hold this aſſertion poſitive and clear,
That ſprites are pure deluſions rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghoſt, which in preſaging ſound
Call'd *Brutus* to *Philippi*'s fatal ground;
Nor can *Tiberius Gracchus*' goary ſhade
Theſe ever-doubting diſputants perſuade.
Straight they with ſmiles reply; thoſe tales of old
By viſionary Prieſts were made and told:
Oh might ſome ghoſt at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your ſneers my eaſy faith accuſe,
Which with ſuch idle legends ſcares the Muſe:
But think not that I tell thoſe vulgar ſprites,
Which frighted boys relate on winter nights;
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How headleſs horſes drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghoſts, by ſaucer eye-balls known,
The common ſpectres of each country town.

No, I ſuch fables can like you deſpiſe,
And laugh to hear theſe nurſe-invented lies:
Yet has not oft the fraudful guardian's fright
Compell'd him to reſtore an orphan's right?
And can we doubt that horrid ghoſts aſcend,
Which on the conſcious murd'rers ſteps attend?
Hear then, and let atteſted truth prevail,
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where *Arden's* foreſt ſpreads its limits wide,
Whoſe branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A trav'ler took his ſolitary way;
When low beneath the hills was ſunk the day.
And now the skies with gath'ring darkneſs lour,
The branches ruſtle with the threaten'd ſhower;
With ſudden blaſts the foreſt murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the ſable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempeſt roars,
And heav'n diſcharges all its watry ſtores.
The wand'ring trav'ler ſhelter ſeeks in vain,
And ſhrinks and ſhivers with the beating rain;
On his ſteed's neck the ſlacken'd bridle lay,
Who choſe with cautious ſtep th' uncertain way;

And

And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noiſe foretold a village near.
At length from far a ſtream of light he ſees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he ſpeeds, and as he nearer came
Joyful he knew the lamp's domeſtick flame
That trembled through the window; croſs the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and ſtands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely houſe, that ſtood
Upon the borders of the ſpacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements ariſe,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruine lies;
Some Lord this manſion held in days of yore,
To chaſe the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a publick Inn.

Straight he diſmounts, repeats his loud commands;
Swift at the gate the ready landlord ſtands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuſe,
His houſe was full, and ev'ry bed in uſe.
What not a garret, and no ſtraw to ſpare?
Why then the kitchin-fire and elbow-chair

Shall ſerve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchin ever is the ſervant's right,
Replies the hoſt; there, all the fire around,
The Count's tir'd footmen ſnore upon the ground.

The maid, who liſten'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary ſtranger's fate.
Be brave, ſhe cries, you ſtill may be our gueſt,
Our haunted room was ever held the beſt;
If then your valour can the fright ſuſtain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain,
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghoſt ſhall walk;
If you dare aſk it, why it leaves its tomb,
I'll ſee your Sheets well-air'd, and ſhow the room.
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The ſtranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damſel led him through a ſpacious hall,
Where Ivy hung the half-demoliſh'd wall;
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding ſtairs aſcent,
And to the loneſome room of terrors went.

When

When all was ready ſwift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn, tuckt warm in bed was laid
The hardy ſtranger, and attends the ſprite
Till his accuſtom'd walk at dead of night.

At firſt he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the looſe lock, and ſwing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful ſound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo, the ſpectre came with horrid ſtride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghaſtful Phantom ſtood,
Expos'd his mangled boſom dy'd with blood,
Then ſilent pointing to his wounded breaſt,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted gueſt
The bed-cords trembled, and with ſhudd'ring fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high roſe his briſtled hair;
Then mutt'ring haſty pray'rs, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud; Say, whence and who thou art.
The ſtalking ghoſt with hollow voice replys,
Three years are counted, ſince with mortal eyes
I ſaw the ſun, and vital air reſpir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,

Within these walls I ſlept. O thirſt of gain!
See, ſtill the planks the bloody mark retain;
Stretch'd on this very bed, from ſleep I ſtart,
And ſee the ſteel impending o'er my heart;
The barb'rous hoſteſs held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my guſhing life.
My treaſure now they ſeize, the golden ſpoil
They bury deep beneath the graſs-grown ſoil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, ariſe,
My ſteps ſhall lead thee to the ſecret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on juſtice, bid her not retard
To puniſh murder; lay my ghoſt at reſt,
So ſhall with peace ſecure thy nights be bleſt;
And when beneath theſe boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in ſome ſacred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghoſt. The ſtranger ſprings from bed,
And boldly follows where the Phantom led;
The half-worn ſtony ſtairs they now deſcend,
Where paſſages obſcure their arches bend
Silent they walk; and now through groves they paſs,
Now through wet meads their ſteps imprint the graſs;

At length amidſt a ſpacious field they came:
There ſtops the ſpectre, and aſcends in flame.
Amaz'd he ſtood, no buſh, nor briar was found,
To teach his morning ſearch to find the ground;
What could he do? the night was hideous dark;
Fear ſhook his joints, and nature dropt the mark;
With that he ſtarting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the ſtateſman's vaſt ambitious ſcheme,
But a ſhort viſion, and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title elevate his hope;
He wakes. But for a garter finds a rope.

The MAD-DOG.

A TALE.

A Prude, at morn and ev'ning prayer,
Had worn her velvet cushion bare;
Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watch'd her soaring soul;
And when devotion warm'd the croud,
None sung, or smote their breast so loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace.
Her mass-book was compleatly lin'd
With painted Saints of various kind:
But when in ev'ry page she view'd
Fine Ladies who the flesh subdu'd;
As quick her beads she counted o'er,
She cry'd---such wonders are no more!

She

She chofe not to delay confeffion,
To bear at once a year's tranfgreffion,
But ev'ry week fet all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with heav'n.

Behold her now in humble guife,
Upon her knees with downcaft eyes
Before the Prieft: fhe thus begins,
And fobbing, blubbers forth her fins;

Who could that tempting man refift?
My virtue languifh'd, as he kifs'd;
I ftrove,—— till I could ftrive no longer,
How can the weak fubdue the ftronger?

The Father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what fort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft' the frailty was repeated?
Thus have I feen a pregnant wench
All flufh'd with guilt before the bench,
The Judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault,

They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.

And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft' to tell her beads;
Shows her what Saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips; perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no such thing.... Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past,
And on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.

Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confest the same;
The Priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.

But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow?

No,

No, none; for the next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.

Confession day was come about,
And now again it all must out,
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes,
What now, my child, the father cries.
Again, says she! — with threatning looks,
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes.

Madam, I grant there's something in it,
That virtue has th'unguarded minute;
But pray now tell me what are whores,
But women of unguarded hours?
Then you must sure have lost all shame,
What ev'ry day, and still the same,
And no fault else! 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd!
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day slander is in fashion;
Gaming succeeds; if fortune crosses,
Then virtue's mortgag'd for her losses;
By use her fav'rite vice she loaths,
And loves new follies like new cloaths:

But you, beyond all thought, unchaste,
Have all sin center'd near your waste!
Whence is this appetite so strong?
Say, Madam, did your mother long?
Or is it lux'ry and high diet
That won't let virtue sleep in quiet?
She tells him now with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice,
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.

That she a fav'rite lap-dog had,
Which, (as she stroak'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.

The Priest reply'd with zealous fury,
You should have sought the means to cure ye.
Doctors by various ways, we find,
Treat these distempers of the mind.

Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
To her, who raves with scornful pride;

And if religion crack her notions,
Lock up her volumes of devotions;
But if for man her rage prevail,
Bar her the ſight of creatures male.
Or elſe to cure ſuch venom'd bites,
And ſet the ſhatter'd thoughts arights;
They ſend you to the ocean's ſhore,
And plunge the Patient o'er and o'er.

The dame reply'd; alas! in vain
My kindred for'cd me to the main;
Naked and in the face of day:
Look not, ye fiſhermen, this way!
What virgin had not done as I did?
My modeſt hand, by nature guided,
Debarr'd at once from human eyes
The ſeat where female honour lies,
And though thrice dipt from top to toe,
I ſtill ſecur'd the poſt below,
And guarded it with graſp ſo faſt
Not one drop through my fingers paſt;
Thus owe I to my baſhful care
That all the rage is ſettled there.

Weigh well the projects of mankind;
Then tell me, Reader, canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free?
They all are mad----save you and me.
Do not the statesman, fop and wit
By daily follies prove they're bit?
And when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part still kept above the tide?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save:
Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive;
Or more expert in pilf'ring vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier; straight his fears
Direct his hands to stop his ears.
And now truth seems a grating noise,
He loves the sland'rer's whisp'ring voice;
He hangs on flatt'ry with delight,
And thinks all fulsom praise is right.

All women dread a watry death :
They ſhut their lips to hold their breath,
And though you duck them ne'er ſo long,
Not one ſalt drop e'er wets their tongue ;
'Tis hence they ſcandal have at will,
And that this member never lies ſtill.

ECLOGUES.

THE BIRTH of the SQUIRE.

An ECLOGUE.

In Imitation of the POLLIO *of* VIRGIL.

YE ſylvan Muſes, loftier ſtrains recite,
Not all in ſhades, and humble cotts delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the diſtant grounds
The driving gales convey the ſwelling ſounds;
Th' attentive ſwain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What ſudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.

Mourn, mourn, ye ſtags, and all ye beaſts of chaſe,
This hour deſtruction brings on all your race:
See the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear,
Turkeys and geeſe, and grocers ſweeteſt ware;
With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
And old *October* reddens ev'ry noſe.
Beagles aad ſpaniels round his cradle ſtand,
Kiſs his moiſt lip and gently lick his hand;
He joys to hear the ſhrill horn's echoing ſounds,
And learns to liſp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley ſhall in paternal acres grow;
The bee ſhall ſip the fragrant dew from flowr's,
To give metheglin for his morning hours;
For him the cluſtring hop ſhall climb the poles,
And his own orchard ſparkle in his bowles.

His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monſtrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How when youth ſtrung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty *Nimrod* of the plains:
He leads the ſtaring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny ſpoils that grace the wall;

Tell

Tells, how this ſtag thro' three whole Countys fled,
What rivers ſwam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Deſcribes the deſp'rate chaſe, and all his cheats;
How in one day beneath his furious ſpeed
He tir'd ſeven courſers of the fleeteſt breed;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch!
Theſe ſtories which deſcend from ſon to ſon,
The forward boy ſhall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How ſhall his ſpirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar ſchools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Laſh'd into *Latin* by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that ſmart diſgrace:
Why ſhould he wiſer prove than all his race?

When rip'ning youth with down o'erſhades his chin,
And ev'ry female eye incites to ſin;

* *The moſt common accident to Sportſmen; to hunt a witch in the ſhape of a hare.*

The milk-maid (thoughtleſs of her future ſhame)
With ſmacking lip ſhall raiſe his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft and the grove
Shall oft' be conſcious of their ſtolen love.
But think, *Priſcilla*, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watry qualms ſhall own thy crime;
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's preſt,
To ſee the white drops bathe thy ſwelling breaſt!
Nine moons ſhall publickly divulge thy ſhame,
And the young Squire foreſtall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's ſweeping hand
With levell'd harveſts has beſtrown the land,
On fam'd *St. Hubert*'s feaſt, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the morn!
This memorable day his eager ſpeed
Shall urge with bloody heel the riſing ſteed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the duſt his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged ſtone
Diſtorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone;

O vent'rous youth, thy thirſt of game allay,
Mayſt thou ſurvive the perils of this day!
He ſhall ſurvive; and in late years be ſent
To ſnore away Debates in *Parliament.*

The time ſhall come, when his more ſolid ſenſe
With nod important than [illegible] diſpenſe;
A Juſtice with grave Juſtices ſhall ſit,
He praiſe their wiſdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound ſhall attend the tenant's pace,
No ruſty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons ſhall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thieviſh net or triple ſpear;
Poachers ſhall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Aſſiſt me, *Bacchus,* and ye drunken Pow'rs,
To ſing his friendſhips and his midnight hours!

Why doſt thou glory in thy ſtrength of beer,
Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when *Phœbus* warms the fleecy ſign,
Or when his languid rays in *Scorpio* ſhine.

Think on the miſchiefs which from hence have ſprung;
It arms with curſes dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul ſcandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
O where is wiſdom, when by this o'erpower'd?
The State is cenſur'd; and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou ſtill, O Squire, brew ale ſo ſtrong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic ſong.

Methinks I ſee him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midſt mugs and glaſſes ſhatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his ſervile crew ſupinely ſnore;
Triumphant, o'er the proſtrate brutes he ſtands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious Sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE

TOILETTE.

A Town ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty springs had cloath'd the Park with green,
Since *Lydia* knew the blossom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her Toilette half undrest;
The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more,
No chairs, no coaches croud her silent door;
Her midnights once at cards and *Hazard* fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.

Around her wait Shocks, monkeys and mockaws,
To fill the place of Fops, and perjur'd Beaus;
In theſe ſhe views the mimickry of man,
And ſmiles when grinning *Pug* gallants her fan;
When *Poll* repeats, the ſounds deceive her ear,
For ſounds, like his, once told her *Damon*'s care.
With theſe alone her tedious mornings paſs;
Or at the dumb devotion of her glaſs,
She ſmooths her brow, and frizles forth her hairs,
And fancys youthful dreſs gives youthful airs;
With crimſon wooll ſhe fixes every grace,
That not a bluſh can diſcompoſe her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm ſhe penſive ſate,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of youth too late.

O Youth! O ſpring of life! for ever loſt!
No more my name ſhall reign the fav'rite Toaſt,
On glaſs no more the di'mond grave my name,
And rhymes miſpell'd record a lover's flame:
Nor ſhall ſide-boxes watch my reſtleſs eyes,
And as they catch the glance in rows ariſe
With humble bows; nor white-glov'd Beaus encroach
In crouds behind, to guard me to my coach.

Ah hapless nymph! such conquests are no more,
Chloe's now what *Lydia* was before!

'Tis true, this *Chloe* boasts the peach's bloom,
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
I own her taper shape is form'd to please.
Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence,
Alike we read it in her face and sense.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young Coquet.
Why will ye then, vain Fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.

What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,
And gay religious maids? my presence there
Amid that sober train would own despair;
Nor am I yet so old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.

Straight then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted range
Through ev'ry *Indian* ſhop, through all the *Change*;
Where the tall jar erects his coſtly pride,
With antick ſhapes in *China*'s azure dy'd;
There careleſs lies the rich brocade unroll'd,
Here ſhines a cabinet with burniſh'd gold;
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice falſe *Damon* threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize.
'Twas there he firſt convers'd with *Chloe*'s eyes;
Hence ſprung th' ill-fated cauſe of all my ſmart,
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But ſoon thy perj'ry in the gift was found,
The ſhiver'd *China* dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithleſs prove;
Frail was thy preſent, frailer is thy love.

O happy *Pall*, in wiry priſon pent;
Thou ne'er haſt known what love or rivals meant,
And *Pug* with pleaſure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers ſwear!
How am I curſt! (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's ſcorn!

Falſe are the looſe Coquet's inveigling airs,
Falſe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
Falſe is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
Falſe are the dice when gameſters ſtamp the board,
Falſe is the ſprightly widow's publick tear;
Yet theſe to *Damon*'s oaths are all ſincere.

Fly from perfidious man, the ſex diſdain;
Let ſervile *Chloe* wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modiſh life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
He games; he ſwears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet *Chloe* can believe he fondly loves.
Miſtreſs and wife can well ſupply his need,
A miſs for pleaſure, and a wife for breed.
But *Chloe*'s air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold,
Powder'd with di'monds; free from thought and care,
A husband's ſullen humours ſhe can bear.

Why are theſe ſobs? and why theſe ſtreaming eyes?
Is love the cauſe? no, I the ſex deſpiſe;

I hate,

I hate, I loath his base perfidious name.
Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?
But *Chloe* boasts and triumphs in my pains,
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.

Thus love-sick *Lydia* rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her steady hand she bears.
How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face,
She cries, in raptures! then, so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.
Straight *Lydia* smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks,
And at the Play-house *Harry* keeps her box.

THE

THE

TEA--TABLE.

A Town ECLOGUE.

DORIS and MELANTHE.

S*AINT James*'s noon-day bell for pray'rs
had toll'd,
And coaches to the Patron's *Levée* roll'd,
When *Doris* rose. And now through all
the room
From flow'ry Tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
For *Doris* here and there *Melanthe* sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice [illegible] her own alike and others fame;

Melanthe's

Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And ſooner gave than ſunk a circumſtance:
Lock'd in her mem'ry ſecrets never dy'd;
Doris begun, *Melanthe* thus reply'd.

DORIS.

Sylvia the vain fantaſtic Fop admires,
The Rake's looſe gallantry her boſom fires;
Sylvia like that is vain, like this ſhe roves,
In liking them ſhe but her ſelf approves.

MELANTHE.

Laura rails on at men, the ſex reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at their folly ſmiles.
Why ſhould her tongue in juſt reſentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

DORIS.

Laſt *Maſquerade* was *Sylvia* nymph-like ſeen,
Her hand a crook ſuſtain'd, her dreſs was green;
An am'rous ſhepherd led her through the croud,
The nymph was innocent, the ſhepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with ſhepherds truſt;
So both withdrew, as nymph and ſhepherd muſt.

MELANTHE.

Name but the licence of the modern ſtage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;

The

The whining Tragic love ſhe ſcarce can bear,
But nauſeous Comedy ne'er ſhock'd her ear;
Yet in the gall'ry mob'd, ſhe ſits ſecure,
And laughs at jeſts that turn the Box demure.

DORIS.

Truſt not, ye Ladies, to your beauty's pow'r,
For beauty withers like a ſhrivell'd flow'r;
Yet thoſe fair flow'rs that *Sylvia*'s temples bind,
Fade not with ſudden blights or winter's wind;
Like thoſe her face defies the rolling years,
For art her roſes and her charms repairs.

MELANTHE.

Laura deſpiſes ev'ry outward grace,
The wanton ſparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the ſoul are all her pride,
For other beauties nature has deny'd;
If affectation ſhow a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to *Laura*'s merits blind?

DORIS.

Sylvia be ſure defies the town's reproach,
Whoſe *Deſhabille* is ſoil'd in hackney coach;
What though the ſaſh was clos'd, muſt we conclude,
That ſhe was yielding, when her Fop was rude?

MELAN-

MELANTHE.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a coſt.
What Fair could e'er retrieve her honour loſt?
Secret ſhe loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durſt not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS.

Though *Laura*'s homely taſte deſcend ſo low;
Her footman well may vye with *Sylvia*'s Beau.

MELANTHE.

Yet why ſhould *Laura* think it a diſgrace,
When proud *Miranda*'s groom wears *Flander*'s lace?

DORIS.

What, though for muſick *Cynthio* boaſts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an *Opera* air.
Cynthio can bow, takes ſnuff, and dances well,
Robin talks common ſenſe, can write and ſpell;
Sylvia's vain fancy dreſs and ſhow admires,
But 'tis the man alone whom *Laura* fires,

MELANTHE.

Plato's wiſe morals *Laura*'s ſoul improve:
And this no doubt muſt be *Platonic* love!
Her ſoul to gen'rous acts was ſtill inclin'd;
What ſhows more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS.

What though young *Sylvia* love the Park's cool ſhade,
And wander in the dusk the ſecret glade?
Maſqu'd and alone (by chance) ſhe met her ſpark,
That innocence is weak which ſhuns the dark.

MELANTHE.

But *Laura* for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in ſenſe.
All Prudes I hate, and thoſe are rightly curſt
With ſcandal's double load, who cenſure firſt.

DORIS.

And what if *Cynthio Sylvia*'s garter ty'd!
Who ſuch a foot and ſuch a leg would hide;
When crook-kneed *Phillis* can expoſe to view
Her gold-clock'd ſtocking, and her tawdry ſhoe?

MELANTHE.

If pure Devotion center in the face,
If cens'ring others ſhow intrinſick grace,
If guilt to publick freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all muſt own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS.

Sylvia diſdains reſerve, and flies conſtraint:
She neither is, nor would be thought a Saint.

MELANTHE.

Love is a trivial paſſion, *Laura* cries,
May I be bleſt with friendſhip's ſtricter tyes;
To ſuch a breaſt all ſecrets we commend;
Sure the whole *Drawing-room* is *Laura's* friend.

DORIS.

At marriage *Sylvia* rails; who men would truſt?
Yet husband's jealouſies are ſometimes juſt.
Her favours *Sylvia* ſhares among mankind,
Such gen'rous love ſhould never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thund'ring raps the braſen knocker rung.
Laura with *Sylvia* came; the nymphs ariſe:
This unexpected viſit, *Doris* cries,
Is doubly kind! *Melanthe Laura* led,
Since I was laſt ſo bleſt, my dear, ſhe ſaid,
Sure 'tis an age! they ſate; the hour was ſet;
And all again that night at *Ombre* met.

THE FUNERAL.

A Town ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her
monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast *Sabina*'s face.
Then dy'd the tender partner of her bed.
And lives *Sabina* when *Fidelio*'s dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet *Sabina* lives.
But see the tribute of her tears she gives;
Their absent Lord her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
While oft the snowy Cambric wipes hes eyes.

Now

Now enter'd *Lucy*, trusty *Lucy* knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a *Billet-doux*;
Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd,
With equal fluency spoke truth or ly'd,
She well could flush, or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidant;
A letter from her faithful stays she took:
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in hasty words her grief confest,
While *Lucy* strove to sooth her troubled breast.

SABINA.

What, still *Myrtillo*'s hand! his flame I scorn,
Give back his passion with the seal untorn.
To break our soft repose has man a right,
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move,
My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.
May *Lydia*'s wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And *Celia*'s paleness sicken o'er my face,
May Fops of mine, as *Flavia*'s favours, boast,
And Coquets triumph in my honour lost;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May these curst eyes behold a Matadore!

Break

Break *China*, periſh *Shock*, die *Perroquet!*
When I *Fidelio*'s dearer love forget.
Fidelio's judgment ſcorn'd the foppiſh train,
His air was eaſy, and his dreſs was plain,
His words ſincere, reſpect his preſence drew,
And on his lips ſweet converſation grew.
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; *Fidelio*'s dead!

LUCY.

Yet when he liv'd, he wanted ev'ry grace;
That eaſy air was then an aukward pace:
Have not your ſighs in whiſpers often ſaid,
His dreſs was ſlovenly, his ſpeech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a ſecret tear,
Call that ſweet converſe ſullen and ſevere?
Think not I come to take *Myrtillo*'s part,
Let *Chloe, Daphne, Doris* ſhare his heart.
Let *Chloe*'s love in ev'ry ear expreſs
His graceful perſon and genteel addreſs.
All well may judge, what ſhaft has *Daphne* hit,
Who ſuffers ſilence to admire his wit.
His equipage and liv'ries *Doris* move,
But *Chloe, Daphne, Doris* fondly love.

Sooner

Sooner ſhall Cits in faſhions guide the Court,
And Beaus upon the buſy *Change* reſort;
Sooner the nation ſhall from ſnuff be freed,
And fops apartments ſmoke with *India*'s weed,
Sooner I'd wiſh and ſigh through nunn'ry grates,
Than recommend the flame *Sabina* hates.

SABINA.

Becauſe ſome widows are in haſte ſubdu'd,
Shall ev'ry fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd *Fidelio*'s tongue,
Soft as the warbling of *Italian* ſong?
Did not his roſy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as ſteams from Tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curſe
Than ſquawles of children for an abſent nurſe.
Have you not fanſy'd in his frequent kiſs
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy Miſs?

SABINA.

Love, I thy pow'r defy; no ſecond flame
Shall ever raze my dear *Fidelio*'s name.
Fannia without a tear might loſe her Lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his preſence but at board.

And why ſhould ſorrow ſit on *Lesbia*'s face?
Are there ſuch comforts in a ſot's embrace?
No friend, no lover is to *Lesbia* dead,
For *Lesbia* long had known a ſep'rate bed.
Gush forth, ye tears; waſte, waſte, ye ſighs, my breaſt;
My days, my nights were by *Fidelio* bleſt!

LUCY.

You cannot ſure forget how oft you ſaid
His teazing fondneſs jealouſy betray'd!
When at the Play the neighb'ring box he took,
You thought you read ſuſpicion in his look;
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wiſh'd the abſence of your Lord?
His company was then a poor pretence,
To check the freedoms of a wife's expence!

SABINA.

But why ſhould I *Myrtillo*'s paſſion blame,
Since Love's a fierce involuntary flame?

LUCY.

Could he the ſallies of his heart withſtand,
Why ſhould he not to *Chloe* give his hand?
For *Chloe*'s handſom, yet he ſlights her flame;
Laſt night ſhe fainted at *Sabina*'s name.

Why,

Why, *Daphne*, doſt thou blaſt *Sabina*'s charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At *Crimp Myrtillo* play'd; in kind regards
Doris dealt love; he only dealt the cards;
Doris was touch'd with ſpleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the table and to tears gave vent.
Why, *Doris*, doſt thou curſe *Sabina*'s eyes?
To her *Myrtillo* is a vulgar prize.

SABINA.

Yet ſay, I lov'd; how loud would cenſure rail
So ſoon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, ſooner Plays and Op'ras I'd forſwear,
And change theſe *China* jars for *Tunbridge* ware;
Or truſt my mother as a Confidant,
Or fix a friendſhip with my maiden aunt?
Than till --- to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me ſee him, if he comes to-day!

THE ESPOUSAL.

A Sober ECLOGUE.

Between two of the People called Quakers.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the ſhadow of a beaver hat,
Meek *Caleb* at a ſilent meeting ſat;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While *Tabitha* demure, return'd the glance.
The Meeting ended, *Caleb* ſilence broke,
And *Tabitha* her inward yearnings ſpoke.

CALEB.

Beloved, ſee how all things follow love,
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove diſports with dove;

Yet fondled lambs their innocence ſecure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure;
O faireſt of our ſiſters, let me be
The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

But, *Caleb*, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the ſober kind,
Not the mockaws, all deck'd in ſcarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modeſt hearts aſide;
But thou, vain man, beguil'd by Popiſh ſhows,
Doateſt on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy falſe heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in ſummer ſkies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the firſt, but paſſeth ſoon away.

CALEB.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice miſ-led me through the harlot's ways;
When I with wanton look thy ſex beheld,
And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then parti-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace; the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All ſuch-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:

But

But now I feel the ſpouſal love within,
And ſpouſal love no ſiſter holds a ſin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longeſt for the flaunting maid,
Thy falſhood own, and ſay I am betray'd ;
The tongue of man is bliſter'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes ;
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to teaze,
I too might blame—but love delights to pleaſe.
Why ſhould I tell thee, that when laſt the ſun
Painted the downy peach of *Newington*,
Joſiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kiſſes with his talk?
Ah Jealouſy! turn, turn thine eyes aſide,
How can I ſee that watch adorn thy ſide?
For verily no gift the ſiſters take
For luſt of gain, but for the giver's ſake.

TABITHA.

I own, *Joſiah* gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of *Quare* employ ;

When *Caleb* hath aſſign'd ſome happy day,
I look on this and chide the hours delay:
And when *Joſiah* would his love purſue,
On this I look and ſhun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move,
The only preſent love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah *Tabitha*, to hear theſe words of thine
My pulſe beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
When to the brethren firſt with fervent zeal
Thy ſpirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to ſee
Red as the cherry from the *Kentiſh* tree;
When Extaſy had warm'd thy look ſo meek,
Gardens of roſes bluſhed on thy cheek.
With what ſweet tranſport didſt thou roll thine eyes,
How did thy words provoke the brethren's ſighs!
Words that with holy ſighs might others move,
But, *Tabitha*, my ſighs were ſighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is *Tabitha* beyond her wiſhes bleſt?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breaſt?
Then hear me, *Caleb*, witneſs what I ſpeak;
This ſolemn promiſe death alone can break;

Sooner

Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest fav'rites ſhade my face,
Sooner like *Babylon*'s lewd whore be dreſt
In flaring di'monds and a ſcarlet veſt,
Or ma[illegible] a curtſy in Cathedral pew,
Than prove inconſtant, while my *Caleb*'s true.

CALEB.

When I prove falſe, and *Tabitha* forſake,
Teachers ſhall dance a jig at country wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then ſhall bow their head,
And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA.

If that *Joſiah* were with paſſion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when firſt inſpir'd;
In ſteady love though he might perſevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of Beaus;
Yet I for thee would all the ſex reſign,
Siſters, take all the reſt---be *Caleb* mine.

CALEB.

Though I had all that ſinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the Lords,

Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
Whose velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not sip
The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell
More sweet than powder which the merchants sell;
O solace me with kisses pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye Lords, the wanton concubine.
The spring now calls us forth; come, sister, come,
To see the primrose and the daisy bloom,
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
Sisters esteem the brethrens word sincere.

TABITHA.

Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw.
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy sect allows;
So *Tabitha* took earnest of a spouse.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANIES.

F 4

To my ingenious and worthy Friend

W---------- L--------- Esq;

Author of that celebrated treatise in folio, called the LAND-TAX BILL.

WHEN Poets print their works, the scribbling crew
Stick the Bard o'er with Bays, like Christmas pew:
Can meagre Poetry such fame deserve?
Can Poetry; that only writes to starve?
And shall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the Senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler *ways* and *means* true fame acquires.

O had I *Virgil's* force to ſing the man,
Whoſe learned lines can millions raiſe *per ann.*
Great *L*--- his praiſe ſhould ſwell the trump of fame,
And *Rapes* and *Wapentakes* reſound his name.

If the blind Poet gain'd a long renown
By ſinging ev'ry *Grecian* chief and town;
Sure *L*---- his proſe much greater fame requires,
Which ſweetly counts five thouſand Knights and Squires,
Their ſeats, their cities, pariſhes and ſhires.

Thy copious Preamble ſo ſmoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns,
Lords, Knights, and Squires th'Aſſeſſors power obey,
We read with pleaſure, though with pain we pay.

Ah why did *C*-- thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name:
After his ſpeeches can his pen ſucceed?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what ſcience ſhall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not Poet born and bred;

Or

Or doſt thou boaſt th'Hiſtorian's laſting pen,
Whoſe annals are the *Acts* of worthy men?
No. Satyr is thy talent; and each laſh
Makes the rich Miſer tremble o'er his caſh;
What on the Drunkard can be more ſevere,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n *Button*'s Wits are nought compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his Tea,
While Thou through *Britain*'s diſtant iſle ſhalt ſpread,
In ev'ry *Hundred* and *Diviſion* read.
Criticks in *Claſſicks* oft' interpolate,
But ev'ry word of thine is fix'd as Fate,
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night
In blazing fringes round a tallow light,
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like *S*-- (when unaſſiſted by a friend)
But thou ſhalt live a year in ſpite of fate;
And where's your author boaſts a longer date?
Poets of old had ſuch a wondrous power,
That with their verſes they could raiſe a tower:
But in thy Proſe a greater force is found;
What Poet ever rais'd ten thouſand pound?

Cadmus, by sowing dragons teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the pois'nous seed.
Thy labours, *L-----*, can greater wonders do,
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy Annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way,
When once they're rais'd, they're cursed hard to lay.

PANTHEA.

An ELEGY.

LOng had *Panthea* felt Love's ſecret ſmart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Conſenting glances had her flame confeſt.
(In woman's eyes her very ſoul's expreſt)
Perjur'd *Alexis* ſaw the bluſhing maid,
He ſaw, he ſwore, he conquer'd and betray'd:
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Thoſe oaths oft' whiſper'd in *Panthea*'s ears,
He now again to *Galatea* ſwears.
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful ſolitude enjoys the ſhade;
There with faint voice ſhe breath'd theſe moving ſtrains,
While ſighing Zephyrs ſhar'd her am'rous pains.

Pale ſettled ſorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms; *Alexis* breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear ſhepherd, on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my ſwain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move,
And think yet more --- that all my fault was love.
Ah, could you view me in this wretched ſtate!
You might not love me, but you could not hate.
Could you behold me in this conſcious ſhade,
Where firſt thy vows, where firſt my love was paid,
Worn out with watching, ſullen with deſpair,
And ſee each eye ſwell with a guſhing tear?
Could you behold me on this moſſy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimſon fled,
Which in my ſofter hours you oft have ſworn,
With roſy beauty far out-bluſh'd the morn;
Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
And would not loſt *Panthea* claim a tear?
You could not ſure --- tears from your eyes would ſteal,
And unawares thy tender ſoul reveal.
Ah, no! --- thy ſoul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderneſs diſturbs thy ſavage thought;
Sooner ſhall tigers ſpare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;

Sooner

Sooner ſhall vultures from their quarry fly,
Than falſe *Alexis* for *Panthea* ſigh.
Thy boſom ne'er a tender thought confeſt,
Sure ſtubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breaſt;
But hardeſt flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the ſoft drops diſſolve their ſolid veins;
While thy relentleſs heart more hard appears,
And is not ſoften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah, what is love! *Panthea*'s joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reaſon flown!
And when I view me in the watry glaſs,
I find *Panthea* now, not what ſhe was.
As northern winds the new-blown roſes blaſt,
And on the ground their fading ruins caſt;
As ſudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure ſpoil the mournful plain;
So hapleſs love on blooming features preys,
So hapleſs love deſtroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle ſleep, relieve theſe weary'd eyes,
All ſorrow in thy ſoft embraces dies:
There, ſpite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithleſs *Alexis* languiſhingly kind;

Some-

Sometimes he leads me by the mazy ſtream,
And pleaſingly deludes me in my dream;
Sometimes he guides me to the ſecret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk is love.
Oh, could I thus conſume each tedious day,
And in ſweet ſlumbers dream my life away;
But ſleep, which now no more relieves theſe eyes,
To my ſad ſoul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the ſun dart forth his chearful rays?
Why do the woods reſound with warbling lays?
Why does the roſe her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowſlips paint the ſmiling field?
Why do the ſtreams with murm'ring muſick flow,
And why do groves their friendly ſhade beſtow?
Let ſable clouds the chearful ſun deface,
Let mournful ſilence ſeize the feather'd race;
No more, ye roſes, grateful fragrance yield,
Droop, droop, ye cowſlips, in the blaſted field;
No more, ye ſtreams, with murm'ring muſick flow,
And let not groves a friendly ſhade beſtow:
With ſympathizing grief let nature mourn,
And never know the youthful ſpring's return;

And

And ſhall I never more *Alexis* ſee?
Then what is ſpring, or grove or ſtream to me?

Why ſport the ſkipping lambs on yonder plain?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices ſtrain?
Why friſk thoſe heifers in the cooling grove?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh! lead me to ſome melancholy cave,
To lull my ſorrows in a living grave,
From the dark rock where daſhing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall,
Where I may waſte in tears my hours away,
And never know the ſeaſons or the day.
Die, die, *Panthea* ---- fly this hateful grove,
For what is life without the Swain I love?

ARAMINTA.

An ELEGY.

NOW *Phœbus* rose; and with his early beams
Wak'd slumb'ring *Delia* from her pleasing dreams;
Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With secret joy she saw the morning ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
The happy morn that shall her bliss compleat,
And all her rivals envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose; forgetful of her pray'rs,
Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs:
Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist;
Some round her neck a circling light display,
Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
The silver knot o'erlooks the *Mechlen* lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face:

Brocaded flow'rs o'er the gay manteau ſhine,
And the rich ſtays her taper ſhape confine;
Thus all her dreſs exerts a graceful pride,
And ſporting Loves ſurround th' expecting bride,
For *Daphnis* now attends the bluſhing maid,
Before the Prieſt their ſolemn vows are paid;
This day which ends at once all *Delia*'s cares,
Shall ſwell a thouſand eyes with ſecret tears.
Ceaſe, *Araminta*, 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canſt thou from *Hymen*'s bonds the youth retrieve?
Diſdain his perj'ries, and no longer mourn:
Recall my love, and find a ſure return.

But ſtill the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with Reſentment cheriſhes her woes;
Alone ſhe pines, and in theſe mournful ſtrains,
Of *Daphnis*' vows, and her own fate complains.

Was it for this I ſparkled at the *Play*,
And loiter'd in the *Ring* whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle ſhone,
Our mutual paſſion by our looks was known:
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where-e'er I paſs thy grateful eyes purſue.

Ah faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.

Think, *Daphnis*, think that scarce five days are fled,
Since (O false tongue!) those treach'rous things you said;
How did you praise my shape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
And in soft sighs breathe *Araminta*'s name?
Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
And with an awful trembling, say --- I love?

Ah faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.

How could'st thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive?
How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe?
Sure thou canst well recall that fatal night,
When subtle love first enter'd at my sight:
When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;

My looks ſpoke love; while you with anſw'ring eyes,
In killing glances made as kind replies.
Think, *Daphnis*, think, what tender things you ſaid,
Think what confuſion all my ſoul betray'd;
You call'd my graceful preſence *Cynthia*'s air,
And when I ſung, the *Sirens* charm'd your ear;
My flame blown up by flatt'ry ſtronger grew,
A gale of love in ev'ry whiſper flew.

Ah faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
For eyes the language of the ſoul explain.

Whene'er I dreſs'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
Cheriſh'd my paſſion with thy lovely name;
Thy picture in her talk ſo lively grew,
That thy dear image roſe before my view;
She dwelt whole hours upon thy ſhape and mien,
And wounded *Delia*'s fame to ſooth my ſpleen:
When ſhe beheld me at the name grow pale,
Straight to thy charms ſhe chang'd her artful tale;
And when thy matchleſs charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleaſing tale once more.
Oh, *Daphnis!* from thy *Araminta* fled!
Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!

Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
And ever part me from the man I love.

Ah faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
For eyes the language of the ſoul explain.

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
In ſome retreat far from this hateful town!
Vain dreſs and glaring equipage, adieu!
Let happier nymphs thoſe empty ſhows purſue,
Me, let ſome melancholy ſhade ſurround,
Where not the print of human ſtep is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more ſhall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove;
No more theſe hands ſhall oe'r the ſpinnet bound,
And from the ſleeping ſtrings call forth the ſound;
Muſick adieu, farewel *Italian* airs!
The croaking raven now ſhall ſooth my cares.
On ſome old ruine loſt in thought I reſt,
And think how *Araminta* once was bleſt;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruſe,
And all my grief in one kind ſentence loſe,
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a ſhort-liv'd pleaſure ſmiles;

Why

Why is this dawn of joy? flow tears again;
Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain;
Daphnis, alas! the *Gordian* knot has ty'd,
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.

Ah faithless youth! since eyes the soul explain,
Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?

AN

ELEGY *on a* LAP-DOG.

SHOCK's fate I mourn; poor *Shock* is now no more,
Ye Muses mourn, ye chamber-maids deplore.
Unhappy *Shock!* yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
And tye the fav'rite ribband round his neck;
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid;
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade:

Our

Our ſureſt hope is in an hour deſtroy'd,
And love, beſt gift of heav'n, not long enjoy'd.

Methinks I ſee her frantick with deſpair,
Her ſtreaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her *Mechlen* pinners rent the floor beſtrow,
And her torn fan gives real ſigns of woe.
Hence Superſtition, that tormenting gueſt,
That haunts with fanſy'd fears the coward breaſt;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy treſſes rend.
Tho' certain omens oft forewarn a ſtate,
And dying lions ſhow the monarch's fate;
Why ſhould ſuch fears bid *Celia*'s ſorrow riſe?
For when a Lap-dog falls no lover dies.

Ceaſe, *Celia*, ceaſe; reſtrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer paſſion will diſpel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more ſubſtantial bliſs,
More grateful toying, and a ſweeter kiſs.

He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verſe renown'd.
Here Shock, *the pride of all his kind, is laid*;
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.

TO A

Young Lady, with ſome LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the faſhion
By preſents to convey their paſſion:
No matter what the gift they ſent,
The Lady ſaw that love was meant.
Fair *Atalanta*, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her Hero gave her;
Nor could the briſtly thing affront her,
'Twas a fit preſent from a hunter.
When Squires ſend woodcocks to the dame,
It ſerves to ſhow their abſent flame:
Some by a ſnip of woven hair,
In poſied lockets bribe the fair;
How many mercenary matches
Have ſprung from Di'mond-rings and watches!
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a Poet's pocket;
He ſhould ſend ſongs that coſt him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.

Why then send Lampreys? fy, for shame!
'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty five a lift.

I know your maiden Aunt will scold,
And think my present somewhat bold.
I see her lift her hands and eyes.

'What eat it, Niece; eat *Spanish* flies!
'Lamprey's a most immodest diet:
'You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.
'Should I to-night eat Sago cream,
''Twould make me blush to tell my dream;
'If I eat Lobster, 'tis so warming,
'That ev'ry man I see looks charming;
'Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
'Laid *Rochester* upon your pillow?
'I vow and swear, I think the present
'Had been as modest and as decent.

'Who has her virtue in her power?
'Each day has its unguarded hour;

Alway

' Always in danger of undoing,
' A prawn, a ſhrimp may prove our ruin!

' The ſhepherdeſs, who lives on ſallad,
' To cool her youth, controuls her palate;
' Should *Dian*'s Maids turn liqu'riſh livers,
' And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
' Then all beſide each glade and Viſto
' You'd ſee Nymphs lying like *Caliſto*.

' The man who meant to heat your blood,
' Needs not himſelf ſuch vicious food ——

In this, I own, your Aunt is clear,
I ſent you what I well might ſpare:
For when I ſee you, (without joking)
Your eyes, lips, breaſts are ſo provoking,
They ſet my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole ſeas of craw-fiſh ſoupe.

PROLOGUE.

Design'd for the Pastoral Tragedy of DIONE.

THERE was a time (Oh were those days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant laws had woman's will subdu'd;
Then nature rul'd, and love devoid of art,
Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
Love uncontroul'd! insipid, poor delight!
'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beasts who range the forests free,
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours see nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes—One month in the year.
Were these the pleasures of the golden reign?
And did free nature thus instruct the swain?
I envy not, ye nymphs, your am'rous bowers:
Such harmless swains!—I'm ev'n content with ours.
But yet there's something in these sylvan scenes
That tells our fancy what the lover means;
Name but the mossy bank, and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-

To-night we treat you with ſuch country fare,
Then for your lover's ſake our author ſpare.
He draws no *Hemskirk* boors, or home-bred clowns,
But the ſoft ſhepherds of *Arcadia*'s downs.

When *Paris* on the three his judgment paſs'd;
I hope, you'll own the ſhepherd ſhow'd his taſte:
And *Jove*, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph *Caliſto* break her duty;
Then was the country nymph no aukward thing.
See what ſtrange revolutions time can bring!

Yet ſtill methinks our author's fate I dread,
Were it not ſafer beaten paths to tread
Of Tragedy; than o'er wide heaths to ſtray,
And ſeeking ſtrange adventures loſe his way?
No trumpet's clangor makes his Heroine ſtart,
And tears the ſoldier from her bleeding heart;
He, fooliſh bard! nor pomp nor ſhow regards.
Without the witneſs of a hundred guards
His Lovers ſigh their vows.—if ſleep ſhould take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye.
What, no ſuch ſhifts? there's danger in't, 'tis true;
Yet ſpare him, as he gives you ſomething new.

Sweet WILLIAM's *Farewell to Black-ey'd* SUSAN.

A BALLAD.

I.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Susan* came aboard,
Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

III.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,

(If,

(If, chance, his mate's ſhrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt Captain in the *Britiſh* fleet,
Might envy *William*'s lip thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

IV.

O *Suſan*, *Suſan*, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye liſt, ye winds; my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind:
They'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

VI.

If to far *India*'s coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright,
Thy breath is *Africk*'s ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory, ſo white.

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely *Sue*.

VII.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his Dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from *Suſan*'s eye.

VIII.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head;
Her leſs'ning boat, unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, ſhe cries! and wav'd her lily hand.

THE LADY's LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

I.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the ſtream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas! ſhould fill her head
But a fountain or a mead,
Water and a willow?

II.

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which ſweet wood-bine covers.
What are your *Aſſemblies* then?
There, 'tis true, we ſee more men;
But much fewer lovers.

III.

Oh, how chang'd the proſpect grows!
Flocks and herds to Fops and Beaus,
Coxcombs without number!

Moon and ſtars that ſhone ſo bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at *Ombre.*

IV.

Pleaſant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

V.

Though the fav'rite *Toaſt* I reign;
Wine, they ſay, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Muſt I live 'twixt ſpite and fear,
Ev'ry day grow handſomer,
And loſe my reputation?

VI.

Thus the Fair to ſighs gave way,
Her empty purſe beſide her lay.
Nymph, ah ceaſe thy ſorrow.
Thou curſt fortune frown to-night;
This odious town can give delight
If you win to-morrow.

DAMON

DAMON and CUPID.

A SONG.

I.

THE ſun was now withdrawn,
The ſhepherds home were ſped;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her ſilver mantle ſpread;
When *Damon* ſtaid behind,
And ſanter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

II.

Oh! thoſe were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all *Arcadia*'s bow'rs
Lodg'd ſwains and nymphs by pairs!
But now from wood and plain
Flies ev'ry ſprighty laſs,

No joys for me remain,
  In ſhades, or on the graſs.

III.

The winged boy draws near,
  And thus the ſwain reproves.
While beauty revell'd here,
  My game lay in the groves;
At Court I never fail
  To ſcatter round my arrows,
Men fall as thick as hail;
  And maidens love like ſparrows.

IV.

Then, ſwain, if me you need,
  Straight lay your ſheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
  And haſte away to town.
So well I'm known at Court,
  None ask where *Cupid* dwells;
But readily reſort
  To *B------n*'s or *L------ll*'s.

DAPHNIS

DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

A SONG.

I.

DAphnis ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
With arms acroſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, ſighs, and actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My *Chloe* is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſweet notes,
My *Chloe*'s voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why ſhould you your ſong forbear?
Your mates delight your ſong to hear,
But *Chloe* mine diſdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
 Dejected as the lonely dove?
Sweet ſounds broke gently through the wood,
 I feel the ſound; my heart-ſtrings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No. 'Tis my *Chloe*'s ſweeter tongue.
 Hark, hark, what ſays my love!

IV.

How fooliſh is the nymph (ſhe cries)
 Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in woman's eyes,
 Our artful lips were made to feign.
O *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd.
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As t'other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
 My blood with thrilling motion flew:
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
 And haſty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain,
Then hadſt thou preſt my hand again,
 My heart had yielded too!

'Tis

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy skill in ſong defam'd,
That lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek:
Much, much thy muſick I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

VII.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
Laſt night with *Delia*'s dog he play'd,
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah *Chloe*, thou art won!

VIII.

The youth ſtep'd forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing *Chloe* lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her face,
Confuſ'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay.
At laſt in broken words, ſhe cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day!

A CONTEMPLATION ON *NIGHT.*

WHether amid the gloom of night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my ſenſe,
Of an all-wiſe, all-pow'rful Providence.

When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow,

The

The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost;
No distant landskips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' almighty hand;
Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are;
But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this universe from nothing spring,

Can

Can at his *Word* bid num'rous world's appear,
And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful *Word* shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends,
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise,
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known:
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

A

A THOUGHT ON *ETERNITY.*

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th'Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the ſubterraneous flame
Shall burſt its priſon, and devour this frame,
From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat diſſolves the melting skies,
Thou ſtill ſhalt be; ſtill, as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time ſhall be no more.
O endleſs thought! divine eternity!
Th'immortal ſoul ſhares but a part of thee;

For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound:
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy Schemes;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To lanch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

My own EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jeſt; and all things ſhow it,
I thought ſo once; but now I know it.

DIONE.

DIONE.

A

Paſtoral Tragedy.

——————*Sunt numina amanti,*
Sævit et injuſtâ lege relicta Venus.
Tibull. Eleg. 5. Lib. 1.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Evander under the name of *Lycidas.*

Cleanthes.

Shepherds.

W O M E N.

Dione under the name of *Alexis.*

Parthenia.

Laura.

S C E N E, *A R C A D I A.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Plain, at the foot of a steep craggy mountain.

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.

WHY dost thou fly me? stay, unhappy fair,
Seek not these horrid caverns of despair;
To trace thy steps the midnight air I bore,
Trod the brown desart, and unshelter'd moor:
Three times the lark has sung his matin lay,
And rose on dewy wing to meet the day,
Since first I found thee, stretch'd in pensive mood,
Where laurels border *Ladon*'s silver flood.

DIONE.

O let my ſoul with grateful thanks o'erflow!
'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe.
Like the weak lamb you rais'd me from the plain,
Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain;
Each day I ſhare thy bowl and clean repaſt,
Each night thy roof defends the chilly blaſt.
But vain is all thy friendſhip, vain thy care:
Forget a wretch abandon'd to deſpair.

LAURA.

Deſpair will fly thee, when thou ſhalt impart
The fatal ſecret that torments thy heart;
Diſcloſe thy ſorrows to my faithful ear,
Inſtruct theſe eyes to give thee tear for tear.
Love, love's the cauſe; our foreſts ſpeak thy flame,
The rocks have learnt to ſigh *Evander*'s name.
If falt'ring ſhame thy baſhful tongue reſtrain,
If thou haſt look'd, and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd in vain;
Say, in what grove thy lovely ſhepherd ſtrays,
Tell me what mountains warble with his lays;
Thither I'll ſpeed me, and with moving art
Draw ſoft confeſſions from his melting heart.

DIONE.

DIONE.

Thy gen'rous care has touch'd my ſecret woe.
Love bids theſe ſcalding tears inceſſant flow,
Ill-fated love! O, ſay, ye ſylvan maids,
Who range wide foreſts and ſequeſter'd ſhades,
Say where *Evander* bled, point out the ground
That yet is purple with the ſavage wound.
Yonder he lies; I hear the bird of prey;
High o'er thoſe cliffs the raven wings his way;
Hark how he croaks! he ſcents the murder near.
O may no greedy beak his viſage tear!
Shield him, ye *Cupids*; ſtrip the *Paphian* grove,
And ſtrow unfading myrtle o'er my love!
Down, heaving heart.

LAURA.

——— ——— The mournful tale diſcloſe.

DIONE.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repoſe.
Yet if thy friendſhip ſtill the cauſe requeſt;
I'll ſpeak; though ſorrow rend my lab'r'ing breaſt.

Know, then, fair ſhepherdeſs; no honeſt ſwain
Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain;
Unus'd to ſweet content, no flocks I keep,
Nor browzing goats that overhang the ſteep.
Born where *Orchomenos*' proud turrets ſhine,
I trace my birth from long illuſtrious line,
Why was I train'd amidſt *Arcadia*'s Court?
Love ever revels in that gay reſort
Whene'er *Evander* paſt, my ſmitten heart
Heav'd frequent ſighs, and felt unuſual ſmart.
Ah! hadſt thou ſeen with what ſweet grace he mov'd!
Yet why that wiſh? for *Laura* then had lov'd.

LAURA.

Diſtruſt me not; thy ſecret wrongs impart.

DIONE.

Forgive the ſallies of a breaking heart.
Evander's ſighs his mutual flame confeſt,
The growing paſſion labour'd in his breaſt;
To me he came; my heart with rapture ſprung,
To ſee the bluſhes, when his faltring tongue
Firſt ſaid, I love. My eyes conſent reveal,
And plighted vows our faithful paſſion ſeal.

Where's

Where's now the lovely youth? he's loſt, he's ſlain,
And the pale corſe lies breathleſs on the plain!

LAURA.

Are thus the hopes of conſtant lovers paid?
If thus ----- ye Powers, from love defend the maid!

DIONE.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purple eaſt,
Since my dear hunter rouz'd the tusky beaſt;
Swift flew the foaming monſter through the wood,
Swift as the wind, his eager ſteps purſu'd:
'Twas then the ſavage turn'd; then fell the youth,
And his dear blood diſtain'd the barb'rous tooth.

LAURA.

Was there none near? no ready ſuccour found?
Nor healing herb to ſtanch the ſpouting wound?

DIONE.

In vain through pathleſs wood the hunters croſt,
And ſought with anxious eye their maſter loſt;
In vain their frequent hollows echo'd ſhrill,
And his lov'd name was ſent from hill to hill;

Evander hears you not. He's loſt, he's ſlain,
And the pale corſe lies breathleſs on the plain.

LAURA.

Has yet no clown (who, wandring from the way,
Beats ev'ry buſh to raiſe the lamb-aſtray)
Obſerv'd the fatal ſpot?

DIONE.

——————— O, if ye paſs
Where purple murder dies the wither'd graſs,
With pious finger gently cloſe his eyes,
And let his grave with decent verdure riſe. [*Weeps.*

LAURA.

Behold the turtle who has loſt her mate;
Awhile with drooping wing ſhe mourns his fate,
Sullen, awhile ſhe ſeeks the darkeſt grove,
And cooing meditates the murder'd dove;
But time the rueful image wears away,
Again ſhe's chear'd, again ſhe ſeeks the day.
Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

DIONE.

Yet ſure ſome turtle's love has equall'd mine,

Who,

Who, when the hawk has snatch'd her mate away,
Hath never known the glad return of day.

When my fond father saw my faded eye,
And on my livid cheek the roses dye;
When catching sighs my wasted bosom mov'd,
My looks, my sighs confirm'd him that I lov'd.
He knew not that *Evander* was my flame,
Evander dead! my passion still the same!
He came—he threatned; with paternal sway
Cleanthes nam'd, and fix'd the nuptial day:
O cruel kindness! too severely prest!
I scorn his honours, and his wealth detest.

LAURA.

How vain is force! Love ne'er can be compell'd.

DIONE.

Though bound by duty, yet my heart rebell'd.
One night, when sleep had hush'd all busy spies,
And the pale moon had journey'd half the skies;
Softly I rose and drest; with silent tread,
Unbarr'd the gates; and to these mountains fled.
Here let me sooth the melancholy hours!
Close me, ye woods, within your twilight bowr's!

Where my calm ſoul may ſettled ſorrow know,
And no *Cleanthes* interrupt my woe

[*Melancholy muſick is heard at a diſtance.*

With importuning love ----- On yonder plain
Advances ſlow a melancholy train;
Black Cypreſs boughs their drooping heads adorn.

LAURA.

Alas! *Menalcas* to his grave is born.
Behold the victim of *Parthenia*'s pride!
He ſaw, he ſigh'd, he lov'd, was ſcorn'd and dy'd.

DIONE.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains?
Where may I ſee her?

LAURA.

——— ——— Ask the ſighing ſwains.
They beſt can ſpeak the conqueſts of her eyes,
Whoever ſees her, loves; who loves her, dies.

DIONE.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame hath croſt,
And ſhe, like me, hath her *Evander* loſt.

How

How my ſoul pities her!

LAURA.

———————————— If pity move
Your generous boſom, pity thoſe who love.
There late arriv'd among our ſylvan race
A ſtranger ſhepherd, who with lonely pace
Viſits thoſe mountain pines at dawn of day,
Where oft' *Parthenia* takes her early way
To rouſe the chace; mad with his am'rous pain,
He ſtops and raves; then ſullen walks again.
Parthenia's name is born by paſſing gales,
And talking hills repeat it to the dales.
Come, let us from this vale of ſorrow go,
Nor let the mournful ſcene prolong thy woe.

[*Exeunt.*

* SCENE II.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses, (crown'd with garlands of Cypress and Yew) bearing the body of Menalcas.

1 SHEPHERD.

Here gently rest the corse ----- With faltring breath
Thus spake *Menalcas* on the verge of death.
' Belov'd *Palemon*, hear a dying friend;
' See, where yon hills with craggy brows ascend
' Low in the valley where the mountain grows.
' There first I saw her, there began my woes.
' When I am cold, may there this clay be laid;
' There often strays the dear the cruel maid,
' There as she walks, perhaps you'll hear her say,
' (While a kind gushing tear shall force its way)
' How could my stubborn heart relentless prove?
' Ah poor *Menalcas* ---- all thy fault was love!

* *This and the following Scene are form'd upon the novel of* Marcella *in* Don Quixote.

2 SHEP-

2 SHEPHERD.

When pitying lions o'er a carcaſe groan,
And hungry tigers bleeding kids bemoan;
When the lean wolf laments the mangled ſheep;
Then ſhall *Parthenia* o'er *Menalcas* weep.

1 SHEPHERD.

When famiſh'd panthers ſeek their morning food,
And monſters roar along the deſart wood;
When hiſſing vipers ruſtle through the brake,
Or in the path-way rears the ſpeckled ſnake;
The wary ſwain th' approaching peril ſpies,
And through ſome diſtant road ſecurely flies.
Fly then, ye ſwains, from beauty's ſurer wound;
Such was the fate our poor *Menalcas* found!

2 SHEPHERD.

What ſhepherd does not mourn *Menalcas* ſlain?
Kill'd by a barbarous woman's proud diſdain!
Whoe'er attempts to bend her ſcornful mind,
Cries to the deſarts, and purſues the wind.

1 SHEP-

1 SHEPHERD.

With ev'ry grace *Menalcas* was endow'd,
His merits dazled all the ſylvan croud.
If you would know his pipe's melodious ſound,
Ask all the echoes of theſe hills around,
For they have learnt his ſtrains; who ſhall rehearſe
The ſtrength, the cadence of his tuneful verſe?
Go, read thoſe lofty poplars; there you'll find
Some tender ſonnet grow on ev'ry rind.

2 SHEPHERD.

Yet what avails his skill? *Parthenia* flies.
Can merit hope ſucceſs in woman's eyes?

1 SHEPHERD.

Why was *Parthenia* form'd of ſofteſt mold?
Why does her heart ſuch ſavage nature hold?
O ye kind gods! or all her charms efface,
Or tame her heart --- ſo ſpare the ſhepherd race.

2 SHEPHERD.

As fade the flowers which on the grave I caſt;
So may *Parthenia*'s tranſient beauty waſte!

1 SHEP-

1 SHEPHERD.

What woman ever counts the fleeting years,
Or sees the wrinkle which her forehead wears?
Thinking her feature never shall decay,
This swain she scorns, from that she turns away.
But know, as when the rose her bud unfolds,
Awhile each breast the short-liv'd fragrance holds;
When the dry stalk lets drop her shrivell'd pride,
The lovely ruin's ever thrown aside.
So shall *Parthenia* be.

2 SHEPHERD.

——————— See, she appears,
To boast her spoils, and triumph in our tears.

SCENE III.

Parthenia *appears from the mountain.*

PARTHENIA. SHEPHERDS.

1 SHEPHERD.

Why this way dost thou turn thy baneful eyes,
Pernicious Basilisk? Lo! there he lies,

There lies the youth thy cursed beauty slew;
See, at thy presence, how he bleeds anew!
Look down, enjoy thy murder.

PARTHENIA.

——————Spare my fame;
I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name.
If I'm a Basilisk, the danger fly,
Shun the swift glances of my venom'd eye:
If I'm a murd'rer, why approach ye near,
And to the dagger lay your bosom bare?

1 SHEPHERD.

What heart is proof against that face divine?
Love is not in our power.

PARTHENIA.

——————————Is love in mine?
If e'er I trifled with a shepherd's pain,
Or with false hope his passion strove to gain;
Then might you justly curse my savage mind,
Then might you rank me with the serpent kind:

But

But I ne'er trifled with a ſhepherd's pain,
Nor with falſe hope his paſſion ſtrove to gain:
'Tis to his raſh purſuit he owes his fate,
I was not cruel; he was obſtinate.

1 *SHEPHERD.*

Hear this, ye ſighing ſhepherds, and deſpair.
Unhappy *Lycidas*, thy hour is near!
Since the ſame barb'rous hand hath ſign'd thy doom,
We'll lay thee in our lov'd *Menalcas*' tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Why will intruding man my peace deſtroy?
Let me content, and ſolitude enjoy;
Free was I born, my freedom to maintain,
Early I ſought the unambitious plain.
Moſt women's weak reſolves like reeds will ply,
Shake with each breath, and bend with ev'ry ſigh;
Mine, like an oak, whoſe firm roots deep deſcend,
No breath of love can ſhake, no ſigh can bend,
If ye unhappy *Lycidas* would ſave;
Go ſeek him, lead him to *Menalcas*' grave;
Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain,
Like him *Menalcas* wept, but wept in vain;

Bid him his heart conſuming groans give o'er:
Tell him, I heard ſuch piercing groans before,
And heard unmov'd. O *Lycidas*, be wiſe,
Prevent thy fate. -----Lo! there *Menalcas* lies.

1 SHEPHERD.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid,
And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid;
Let's ſeek our charge; the flocks diſperſing wide,
Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's ſide.
Truſt not, ye ſwains, the lightning of her eye,
Leſt ye, like him, ſhould love, deſpair, and dye.

[*Exeunt* Shepherds, *&c.* Parthenia *remains in a melancholy poſture looking on the grave of* Menalcas.

Enter Lycidas.

SCENE IV.

LYCIDAS. PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

When ſhall my ſteps have reſt? through all the wood,
And by the winding banks of *Ladon*'s flood
I ſought my love. O ſay, ye ſkipping fawns,
(Who range entangled ſhades and daiſy'd lawns)
If ye have ſeen her! ſay ye warbling race,
(Who meaſure on ſwift wing th' aerial ſpace,
And view below hills, dales, and diſtant ſhores)
Where ſhall I find her whom my ſoul adores!

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS. PARTHENIA. DIONE. LAURA.

[Dione *and* Laura *at a diſtance.*

LYCIDAS.

What do I ſee? no. Fancy mocks my eyes,
And bids the dear deluding viſion riſe.

'Tis

'Tis ſhe. My ſpringing heart her preſence feels.
See, proſtrate *Lycidas* before thee kneels.

[*Kneeling to* Parthenia.

Why will *Parthenia* turn her face away?

PARTHENIA.

Who calls *Parthenia?* hah!

[*She ſtarts from her melancholy; and ſeeing* Lycidas, *flies into the wood.*

LYCIDAS.

———————————Stay, virgin, ſtay.
O wing my feet, kind Loves. See, ſee, ſhe bounds,
Fleet as the mountain roe, when preſt by hounds.

[*He purſues her.* Dione *faints in the arms of* Laura.

LAURA.

What means this trembling? all her colour flies,
And life is quite unſtrung. Ah! lift thy eyes,
And anſwer me; ſpeak, ſpeak, 'tis *Laura* calls.
Speech has forſook her lips. ---- She faints, ſhe falls.
Fan her, ye Zephyrs, with your balmy breath,
And bring her quickly from the ſhades of death.

Blow,

Blow, ye cool gales. See, see, the foreſt ſhakes
With coming winds! ſhe breathes, ſhe moves, ſhe wakes.

DIONE.

Ah falſe *Evander!*

LAURA.

——————— Calm thy ſobbing breaſt.
Say, what new ſorrow has thy heart oppreſt.

DIONE.

Didſt thou not hear his ſighs and ſuppliant tone?
Didſt thou not hear the pitying mountain grone?
Didſt thou not ſee him bend his ſuppliant knee?
Thus in my happy days he knelt to me,
And pour'd forth all his ſoul! ſee how he ſtrains,
And leſſens to the ſight o'er yonder plains
To keep the fair in view! run, virgin, run,
Hear not his vows; I heard, and was undone!

LAURA.

Let not imaginary terrors fright.
Some dark deluſion ſwims before thy ſight.
I ſaw *Parthenia* from the mountain's brow,
And *Lycidas* with proſtrate duty bow;

Swift,

Swift, as on faulcon's wing, I ſaw her fly,
And heard the cavern to his groans reply.
Why ſtream thy tears for ſorrows not thy own?

DIONE.

Oh! Where are honour, faith, and juſtice flown?
Perjur'd *Evander!*

LAURA.

——————— Death has laid him low.
Touch not the mournful ſtring that wakes thy woe.

DIONE.

That am'rous ſwain, whom *Lycidas* you name,
(Whoſe faithleſs boſom feels another flame)
Is my once kind *Evander* --- yes --- 'twas he.
He lives. -- but lives, alas! no more for me.

LAURA.

Let not thy frantick words confeſs deſpair.

DIONE.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air?

Yes, I that treach'rous voice with joy believ'd,
That voice, that mien, that air my ſoul deceiv'd.
If my dear ſhepherd love the lawns and glades,
With him I'll range the lawns and ſeek the ſhades,
With him through ſolitary deſarts rove.
But could he leave me for another love?
O baſe ingratitude!

LAURA.

——————— Suſpend thy grief,
And let my friendly counſel bring relief
To thy deſponding ſoul. *Parthenia*'s ear
Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer;
Evander courts diſdain, he follows ſcorn,
And in the paſſing winds his vows are born.
Soon will he find that all in vain he ſtrove
To tame her boſom; then his former love
Shall wake his ſoul, then will he ſighing blame
His heart inconſtant and his perjur'd flame:
Then ſhall he at *Dione*'s feet implore,
Lament his broken faith, and change no more.

DIONE.

Perhaps the cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding ſpeech, coy looks, and cold diſdain,

To raise his passion. Such are female arts,
To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts!

LAURA.

Parthenia's breast is steel'd with real scorn.

DIONE.

And dost thou think *Evander* will return?

LAURA.

Forgo thy sex, lay all thy robes aside,
Strip off these ornaments of female pride;
The shepherd's vest must hide thy graceful air,
With the bold manly step a swain appear;
Then with *Evander* may'st thou rove unknown,
Then let thy tender eloquence be shown;
Then the new fury of his heart controul,
And with *Dione*'s sufferings touch his soul.

DIONE.

Sweet as refreshing dews, or summer showers
To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,

Such are thy words. The ſex ſhall be reſign'd,
No more ſhall breaded gold theſe treſſes bind;
The ſhepherd's garb the woman ſhall diſguiſe.
If he has loſt all love, may friendſhip's tyes
Unty me to his heart!

LAURA.

———————————— Go, proſp'rous maid,
May ſmiling love thy faithful wiſhes aid.
Be now *Alexis* call'd. With thee I'll rove,
And watch thy wand'rer through the mazy grove;
Let me be honour'd with a ſiſter's name;
For thee, I feel a more than ſiſters flame.

DIONE.

Perhaps my ſhepherd has outſtript her haſte.
Think'ſt thou, when out of ſight, ſhe flew ſo faſt?
One ſudden glance might turn her ſavage mind;
May ſhe like *Daphne* fly, nor look behind,
Maintain her ſcorn, his eager flame deſpiſe,
Nor view *Evander* with *Dione*'s eyes!

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lycidas *lying on the grave of* Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

WHEN ſhall theſe ſcalding fountains ceaſe
to flow?
How long will life ſuſtain this load of woe?
Why glows the morn? roll back, thou
ſource of light,
And feed my ſorrows with eternal night.
Come, ſable Death! give, give the welcome ſtroke;
The raven calls thee from yon blaſted oak.
What pious care my ghaſtful lid ſhall cloſe?
What decent hand my frozen limbs compoſe?
O happy ſhepherd, free from anxious pains,
Who now art wandring in the ſighing plains
Of bleſt *Elyſium*; where in myrtle groves
Enamour'd ghoſts bemoan their former loves.

Open,

Open, thou ſilent grave; for lo! I come
To meet *Menalcas* in the fragrant gloom;
There ſhall my boſom burn with friendſhip's flame,
The ſame our paſſion, and our fate the ſame;
There, like two nightingales on neighb'ring boughs,
Alternate ſtrains ſhall mourn our fruſtrate vows.
But if cold Death ſhould cloſe *Parthenia*'s eye,
And ſhould her beauteous form come gliding by;
Friendſhip would ſoon in jealous fear be loſt,
And kindling hate purſue thy rival ghoſt.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS. *DIONE in a ſhepherd's habit.*

LYCIDAS.

Hah! who comes here? turn hence, be timely wiſe;
Truſt not thy ſafety to *Parthenia*'s eyes.
As from the bearing faulcon flies the dove,
So, wing'd with fear, *Parthenia* flies from love.

D I O N E.

If in these vales the fatal beauty stray,
From the cold marble rise; let's haste away.
Why lie you panting, like the smitten deer?
Trust not the dangers which you bid me fear.

L Y C I D A S.

But the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets surprise,
On soaring pinion rove the spacious skies;
Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove;
Then bid my captive heart get loose from love.
The snares of death are o'er me. Hence; beware;
Lest you should see her, and like me despair.

D I O N E.

No. Let her come; and seek this vale's recess,
In all the beauteous negligence of dress;
Though *Cupid* send a shaft in ev'ry glance,
Though all the Graces in her step advance,
My heart can stand it all. Be firm, my breast;
Th' ensnaring oath, the broken vow detest:
That flame, which other charms have pow'r to move,
O give it not the sacred name of love!

'Tis

'Tis perj'ry, fraud, and meditated lies.
Love's ſeated in the ſoul, and never dies.
What then avail her charms? my conſtant heart
Shall gaze ſecure, and mock a ſecond dart.

LYCIDAS.

But you perhaps a happier fate have found,
And the ſame hand that gave, now heals the wound;
Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn,
A wretch, like me, the ſport of pride and ſcorn?

DIONE.

O tell me, ſhepherd, hath thy faithleſs maid
Falſe to her vow thy flatter'd hope betray'd?
Did her ſmooth ſpeech engage thee to believe?
Did ſhe proteſt and ſwear, and then deceive?
Such are the pangs I feel!

LYCIDAS.

——————————— The haughty fair
Contemns my ſuff'rings, and diſdains to hear.
Let meaner Beauties learn'd in female ſnares
Entice the ſw[illegible] with half-conſenting airs;

Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conqu'ring eyes,
And yet, where-e'er ſhe turns, a lover ſighs.
Vain is the ſteady conſtancy you boaſt;
All other love at ſight of her is loſt.

DIONE.

True conſtancy no time no power can move.
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.
Though the dear author of my hapleſs flame
Purſue another; ſtill my heart's the ſame.
Am I for ever left? (excuſe theſe tears)
May your kind friendſhip ſoften all my cares!

LYCIDAS.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, beſtow?

DIONE.

He beſt can pity who hath felt the woe.

LYCIDAS.

Since diff'rent objects have our ſouls poſſeſt,
No rival fears our friendſhip ſhall moleſt.

DIONE.

Come, let us leave the ſhade of theſe brown hills,
And drive our flocks beſide the ſteaming rills.

Should

Should the fair tyrant to these vales return,
How would thy breast with double fury burn!
Go hence, and seek thy peace.

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS. DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.

——— ——— ——— Fly, fly this place;
Beware of love; the proudest of her race
This way approaches: from among the pines,
Where from the steep the winding path declines,
I saw the nymph descend.

LYCIDAS.

——— She comes, she comes;
From her the passing Zephyrs steal pe[illegible]
As from the vi'let's bank; with odours sweet
Breat[illegible] gale; spring blooms beneath her feet.

Yes, 'tis my faireſt; here ſhe's wont to rove.

LAURA.

Say, by what ſigns I might have known thy Love?

LYCIDAS.

My Love is fairer than the ſnowy breaſt
Of the tall ſwan, whoſe proudly-ſwelling cheſt
Divides the wave; her treſſes looſe behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The riſing bluſhes, which her cheek o'er-ſpread,
Are op'ning roſes in the lily's bed.
Know'ſt thou *Parthenia*?

LAURA.

——————————— Wretched is the ſlave
Who ſerves ſuch pride! behold *Menalcas*' grave!
Yet if *Alexis* and this ſighing ſwain
Wiſh to behold the Tyrant of the plain,
Let us behind theſe myrtle's twining arms
Retire unſeen; from thence ſurvey her charms,
Wild as the chaunting thruſh upon the ſpray,
At man's approach ſhe ſwiftly flies away.

Like

Like the young hair, I've ſeen the panting maid,
Stop, liſten, run; of ev'ry wind afraid.

LYCIDAS,

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart?
Shepherd, beware—now fortify thy heart. [*To* Dione.

[Lycidas, Dione, *and* Laura *retire behind the boughs.*

SCENE IV.

PARTHENIA. LYCIDAS. DIONE. LAURA.

PARTHENIA.

This melancholy ſcene demands a grone.
Hah! what inſcription marks the weeping ſtone?
O pow'r of beauty! here Menalcas *lies.*
Gaze not, ye ſhepherds, on Parthenia's *eyes.*
Why did heav'n form me with ſuch po[illegible]?
Why caſt my featu[illegible]s in a mold ſo fair?
If blooming beauty was a bleſſing meant,
Why are my ſighing hours deny'd content?

 The

The downy peach, that glows with ſunny dyes,
Feeds the black ſnail, and lures voracious flies;
The juicy pear invites the feather'd kind,
And pecking finches ſcoop the golden rind;
But beauty ſuffers more pernicious wrongs,
Blaſted by envy, and cenſorious tongues.
How happy lives the nymph, whoſe comely face
And pleaſing glances boaſt ſufficient grace
To wound the ſwain ſhe loves! no jealous fears
Shall vex her nuptial ſtate with nightly tears,
Nor am'rous youths, to puſh their foul pretence,
Infeſt her days with dull impertinence.
But why talk I of love? my guarded heart
Diſowns his power, and turns aſide the dart.
Hark! from his hollow tomb *Menalcas* cries,
Gaze not, ye ſhepherds, on Parthenia's *eyes.*
Come, *Lycidas,* the mournful lay peruſe,
Leſt thou, like him, *Parthenia*'s eyes accuſe.

[*She ſtands in a melancholy poſture looking on the tomb.*

LYCIDAS.

Call'd ſhe not *Lycidas?* — I come, my fair;
See gen'rous pity melts into a tear.

And her heart ſoftens. Now's the tender hour,
Aſſiſt me, Love, exert thy ſov'reign power
To tame the ſcornful maid.

DIONE.

———————— Raſh ſwain, be wiſe:
'Tis not from thee or him, from love ſhe flies.
Leave her, forget her. [*They hold* Lycidas.

LAURA.

————— Why this furious haſte?

LYCIDAS.

Unhand me; looſe me.

DIONE.

—————Siſter, hold him faſt.
To follow her, is, to prolong deſpair.
Shepherd, you muſt not go.

LYCIDAS.

————— Bold youth, forbear.
Hear me, *Parthenia*.

PARTHENIA.

——— ——— From behind the ſhade
Methought a voice ſome liſt'ning ſpy betray'd.
Yes, I'm obſerv'd. [*She runs out.*

LYCIDAS.

——— Stay, nymph; thy flight ſuſpend.
She hears me not—when will my ſorrows end!
As over-ſpent with toil, my heaving breaſt
Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me reſt.
[*He remains in a fixt melancholy.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Recall thy ſcatter'd ſenſe, bid reaſon wake,
Subdue thy paſſion.

LYCIDAS.

——— ——— ———Shall I never ſpeak?

She's

She's gone, ſhe's gone. ---- Kind ſhepherd, let me reſt
My troubled head upon thy friendly breaſt.
The foreſt ſeems to move. ---- O curſed ſtate!
I doom'd to love, and ſhe condemn'd to hate!
Tell me, *Alexis*, art thou ſtill the ſame?
Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame
Of thy firſt love? did not thy flutt'ring heart,
Whene'er ſhe rais'd her look, confeſs the dart?

DIONE.

I own the nymph is faireſt of her race,
Yet I unmov'd can on this beauty gaze,
Mindful of former promiſe; all that's dear,
My thoughts, my dreams; my ev'ry wiſh is there.
Since then our hopes are loſt; let friendſhip's tye
Calm our diſtreſs, and ſlighted love ſupply;
Let us together drive our fleecy ſtore,
And of ungrateful woman think no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis death alone can raze her from my breaſt.

LAURA.

Why ſhines thy love ſo far above the reſt?

Nature,

Nature, 'tis true, in ev'ry outward grace,
Her niceſt hand employ'd; her lovely face
With beauteous feature ſtampt; with roſy dyes
Warm'd her fair cheek; with lightning arm'd her eyes:
But if thou ſearch the ſecrets of her mind,
Where ſhall thy cheated ſoul a virtue find?
Sure hell with cruelty her breaſt ſupply'd.
How did ſhe glory when *Menalcas* dy'd!
Pride in her boſom reigns; ſhe's falſe, ſhe's vain;
She firſt entices, then inſults the ſwain;
Shall female cunning lead thy heart aſtray?
Shepherd, be free; and ſcorn for ſcorn repay.

LYCIDAS.

How woman talks of woman!

DIONE.

——————— Hence depart;
Let a long abſence cure thy love-ſick heart.
To ſome far grove retire, her ſight diſclaim,
Nor with her charms awake the dying flame.
Let not an hour thy happy flight ſuſpend;
But go not, *Lycidas*, without thy friend.

Together let us ſeek the chearful plains,
And lead the dance among the ſportive ſwains,
Deviod of care.

LAURA.

——————— Or elſe the groves diſdain,
Nor with the ſylvan walk indulge thy pain.
Haſte to the town; there (I have oft' been told)
The courtly nymph her treſſes binds with gold,
To captivate the youths; the youths appear
In fine array; in ringlets waves their hair
Rich with ambroſial ſcents, the fair to move,
And all the buſineſs of the day is love.
There from the gawdy train ſelect a dame,
Her willing glance ſhall catch an equal flame.

LYCIDAS.

Name not the Court.--The thought my ſoul confounds,
And with *Dione*'s wrongs my boſom wounds.
Heav'n juſtly vindicates the faithful maid;
And now are all my broken vows repaid.
Perhaps ſhe now laments my fancy'd death
With tears unfeign'd; and thinks my gaſping breath

Sigh'd

Sigh'd forth her name. O guilt, no more upbraid!
Yes. I fond innocence and truth betray'd. [*Aside.*

[Dione *and* Laura *apart.*

DIONE.

Hark! how reflection wakes his conscious heart.
From my pale lids the trickling sorrows start;
How shall my breast the swelling sighs confine!

LAURA.

O smooth thy brow, conceal our just design:
Be yet a while unknown. If grief arise,
And force a passage through thy gushing eyes,
Quickly retire, thy sorrows to compose;
Or with a look serene disguise thy woes.

[Dione *is going out.* Laura *walk at a distance.*

LYCIDAS.

Canst thou, *Alexis*, leave me thus distrest?
Where's now the boasted friendship of thy breast?
Hast thou not oft' survey'd the dappled deer
In social herds o'er-spread the pastures fair,
When op'ning hounds the warmer scent pursue,
And force the destin'd victim from the crew,

Oft'

Oft' he returns, and fain would join the band,
While all their horns the panting wretch withſtand?
Such is thy friendſhip; thus might I confide.

D I O N E.

Why wilt thou cenſure what thou ne'er haſt try'd?
Sooner ſhall ſwallows leave their callow brood,
Who with their plaintive chirpings cry for food;
Sooner ſhall hens expoſe their infant care,
When the ſpread kite ſails wheeling in the air,
Than I forſake thee when by danger preſt;
Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breaſt.

L Y C I D A S.

If thy fair-ſpoken tongue thy boſom ſhows,
There let the ſecrets of my ſoul repoſe.

D I O N E.

Far be ſuſpicion; in my truth confide,
O let my heart thy load of cares divide!

L Y C I D A S.

Know then, *Alexis*, that in vain I ſtrove
To break her chain, and free my ſoul from love;

On

On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wings,
Still more entangled in the clammy ſtrings.
The ſlow-pac'd days have witneſs'd my deſpair,
Upon my weary couch ſits wakeful care;
Down my fluſh'd cheek the flowing ſorrows run,
As dews deſcend to weep the abſent ſun.
O loſt *Parthenia*!

DIONE.

——————— Theſe wild thoughts ſuſpend;
And in thy kind commands inſtruct thy friend.

LYCIDAS.

Whene'er my faltring tongue would urge my cauſe,
Deaf is her ear, and ſullen ſhe withdraws.
Go then, *Alexis*, ſeek the ſcornful maid,
In tender eloquence my ſuff'rings plead;
Of ſlighted paſſion you the pangs have known;
O judge my ſecret anguiſh by your own!

DIONE.

Had I the skill inconſtant hearts to move,
My longing ſoul had never loſt my Love,

My

My feeble tongue, in theſe ſoft arts untry'd,
Can ill ſupport the thunder of her pride;
When ſhe ſhall bid me to thy bower repair,
How ſhall my trembling lips her threats declare!
How ſhall I tell thee, that ſhe could behold,
With brow ſerene, thy corſe all pale and cold
Beat on the daſhing billow? ſhouldſt thou go
Where the tall hill o'er-hangs the rocks below,
Near thee thy tyrant could unpitying ſtand,
Nor call thee back, nor ſtretch a ſaving hand.
Wilt thou then ſtill perſiſt to tempt thy fate,
To feed her pride and gratify her hate?

LYCIDAS.

Know, unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind
Oft' ſhifts her paſſions, like th' inconſtant wind;
Sudden ſhe rages, like the troubled main,
Now ſinks the ſtorm, and all is calm again.
Watch the kind moment, then my wrongs impart,
And the ſoft tale ſhall glide into her heart.

DIONE.

No. Let her wander in the lonely grove,
And never hear the tender voice of love.

Let

Let her a while, neglected by the ſwain,
Paſs by, nor ſighs moleſt the cheerful plain;
Thus ſhall the fury of her pride be laid;
Thus humble into love the haughty maid.

LYCIDAS.

Vain are attempts my paſſion to controul.
Is this the balm to cure my fainting ſoul?

DIONE.

Deep then among the green-wood ſhades I'll rove,
And ſeek with weary'd pace thy wander'd Love;
Proſtrate I'll fall, and with inceſſant prayers
Hang on her knees, and bath her feet with tears;
If ſighs of pity can her ear incline,
(O *Lycidas*, my life is wrapt in thine!) [*Aſide*.
I'll charge her from thy voice to hear the tale,
Thy voice more ſweet than notes along the vale
Breath'd from the warbling pipe: the moving ſtrain
Shall ſtay her flight, and conquer her diſdain.
Yet if ſhe hear; ſhould love the meſſage ſpeed,
Then dies all hope; ---- then muſt *Dione* bleed. [*Aſide*.

LYCI-

LYCIDAS.

Haste then, dear faithful swain. Beneath those yews
Whose sable arms the brownest shade diffuse,
Where all around, to shun the fervent sky,
The panting flocks in ferny thickets lye;
There with impatience shall I wait my friend,
O'er the wide prospect frequent glances send
To spy thy wish'd return. As thou shalt find
A tender welcome, may thy Love be kind!

[*Ex.* Lycidas.

SCENE VI.

DIONE. LAURA.

DIONE.

Methinks I'm now surrounded by despair,
And all my with'ring hopes are lost in air.
Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
Hears through long woods autumnal tempests blow,
With hollow blasts the clashing branches bend,
And yellow show'rs of rustling leaves descend;

She

She sees the friendly shelter from her fly,
Nor dare her little pinions trust the sky;
But on the naked spray in wintry air,
All shiv'ring, hopeless, mourns the dying year.
What have I promis'd? rash, unthinking maid!
By thy own tongue thy wishes are betray'd!

[Laura *advances.*

LAURA.

Why wak'st thou thus disturb'd with frantick air?
Why roll thy eyes with madness and despair?

DIONE. [*musing.*

How wilt thou bear to see her pride give way?
When thus the yielding nymph shall bid thee say,
'Let not the shepherd seek the silent grave,
'Say, that I bid him live. ---- if hope can save.

LAURA.

Hath he discern'd thee through the swain's disguise,
And now alike thy love and friendship flys?

DIONE.

Yes. Firm and faithful to the promise made,
I'll range each sunny hill, each lawn and glade.

LAURA.

LAURA.

'Tis *Laura* ſpeaks. O calm your troubled mind.

DIONE.

Where ſhall my ſearch this envy'd Beauty find?
I'll go, my faithleſs ſhepherd's cauſe to plead,
And with my tears accuſe the rival maid.
Yet, ſhould her ſoften'd heart to love incline!

LAURA.

If thoſe are all thy fears; *Evander*'s thine.

DIONE.

Why ſhould we both in ſorrow waſte our days?
If love unfeign'd my conſtant boſom ſways,
His happineſs alone is all I prize,
And that is center'd in *Parthenia*'s eyes.
Haſte then, with earneſt zeal her love implore,
To bleſs his hours; --- when thou ſhalt breathe no more.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Dione *lying on the ground by the ſide of a Fountain.*

DIONE.

HERE let me reſt, and in the liquid glaſs
View with impartial look my fading face.
Why are *Parthenia's* ſtriking beauties priz'd?
And why *Dione's* weaker glance deſpis'd?
Nature in various molds has beauty caſt,
And form'd the feature for each different taſte:
This ſighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
That, for the gloſs of ſable treſſes, dyes.
Let all mankind theſe locks, theſe eyes deteſt,
So I were lovely in *Evander's* breaſt!
When o'er the garden's knot we caſt our view,
While ſummer paints the ground with various hue;

Some

Some praise the gaudy tulip's streaky red,
And some the silver lily's bending head;
Some the junquil in shining yellow drest,
And some the fring'd carnation's varied vest;
Some love the sober vi'let's purple dyes.
Thus beauty fares in diff'rent lovers eyes.
But bright *Parthenia* like the rose appears,
She in all eyes superior lustre bears.

SCENE II.

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.

Why thus beneath the silver willow laid,
Weeps fair *Dione* in the pensive shade?
Hast thou yet found the over-arching bower,
Which guards *Parthenia* from the sultry hour?

DIONE.

With weary step in paths unknown I stray'd,
And sought in vain the solitary maid.

LAURA.

LAURA.

Seeſt thou the waving tops of yonder woods,
Whoſe aged arms imbrown the cooling floods?
The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow,
And waſh the ſoil from the big roots below;
From the tall rock the daſhing waters bound.
Hark, o'er the fields the ruſhing billows ſound!
There, loſt in thought, and leaning on her crook,
Stood the ſad nymph, nor rais'd her penſive look;
With ſettled eye the bubbling waves ſurvey'd,
And watch'd the whirling eddys, as they play'd.

DIONE.

Thither to know my certain doom I ſpeed,
For by this ſentence life or death's decreed. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LAURA, CLEANTHES.

LAURA.

But ſee! ſome haſty ſtranger bends this way;
His broider'd veſt reflects the ſunny ray:
Now thro' the thinner boughs I mark his mien,
Now veil'd, in thicker ſhades he moves unſeen.
Hither he turns; I hear a mutt'ring ſound;
Behind this rev'rend oak with ivy bound
Quick I'll retire; with buſy thought poſſeſt,
His tongue betrays the ſecrets of his breaſt.

[*She hides herſelf.*

CLEANTHES.

The skilful hunter with experienc'd care
Traces the doubles of the circling hare;
The ſubtle fox, (who breathes the weary hound
O'er hills and plains) in diſtant brakes is found;
With eaſe we track ſwift hinds and skipping roes.
But who th' inconſtant ways of woman knows?

They ſay, ſhe wanders with the ſylvan train,
And courts the native freedoms of the plain;
Shepherds explain their wiſh without offence,
Nor bluſh the nymphs; --- for Love is innocence.
O lead me where the rural youth retreat,
Where the ſlope hills the warbling voice repeat.
Perhaps on daiſy'd turf reclines the maid,
And near her ſide ſome rival clown is laid.
Yet, yet I love her. --- O loſt nymph return,
Let not thy ſire with tears inceſſant mourn;
Return, loſt nymph; bid Sorow ceaſe to flow,
And let *Dione* glad the houſe of woe.

LAURA.

Call'd he not loſt *Dione?* hence I'll ſtart,
Croſs his ſlow ſteps, and ſift his op'ning heart. [*Aſide.*

CLEANTHES.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandring way;
Where, in cloſe bowers, to ſhun the ſultry ray,
Repoſe the ſwains; whoſe flocks with bleating fill
The bord'ring foreſt and the thymy hill.
But if thou frequent join thoſe ſylvan bands,
Thy ſelf can anſwer what my ſoul demands.

LAURA.

LAURA.

Seven years I trod these fields, these bowers and glades,
And by the less'ning and the length'ning shades
Have mark'd the hours; what time my flock to lead
To sunny mountains, or the watry mead:
Train'd in the labours of the sylvan crew,
Their sports, retreats, their cares and loves I knew.

CLEANTHES.

Instruct me then, if late among your race,
A stranger nymph is found, of noble grace,
In rural arts unskill'd, no charge she tends;
Nor when the morn and ev'ning dew descends
Milks the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and dress
The polish'd manners of the Court confess.

LAURA.

Each day arrive the neighb'ring nymphs and swains
To share the pastime of our jovial plains;
How can I there thy roving beauty trace,
Where not one nymph is bred of vulgar race?

CLEANTHES.

If yet ſhe breathe, what tortures muſt ſhe find!
The curſe of diſobedience tears her mind.
If e'er your breaſt with filial duty burn'd,
If e'er you ſorrow'd when a parent mourn'd;
Tell her, I charge you, with inceſſant groans
Her drooping ſire his abſent child bemoans.

LAURA.

Unhappy Man!

CLEANTHES.

——————— With ſtorms of paſſion toſt,
When firſt he learnt his vagrant child was loſt,
On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow boſom rung;
Then up he ſtarted, and with fixt ſurpriſe,
Upon her picture threw his frantick eyes,
While thus he cry'd. ' In her my life was bound,
' Warm in each feature is her mother found!
' Perhaps deſpair has been her fatal guide,
' And now ſhe floats upon the weeping tide;

'Or on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
'All pale and cold ſhe wavers in the wind.
'Did I not force her hence by harſh commands?
'Did not her ſoul abhor the nuptial bands?

LAURA.

Teach not, ye ſires, your daughters to rebel.
By counſel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

CLEANTHES.

Ye duteous daughters, truſt theſe tender guides;
Nor think a parent's breaſt the tyrant hides.

LAURA.

From either lid the ſcalding ſorrows roll;
The moving tale runs thrilling to my ſoul

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps ſhe wanders in the lonely woods,
Or on the ſedgy borders of the floods;
Thou know'ſt each cottage, foreſt, hill and vale,
And pebbled brook that winds along the dale.
Search each ſequeſter'd dell to find the fair;
And juſt reward ſhall gratify thy care.

LAURA.

O ye kind boughs protect the virgin's flight,
And guard *Dione* from his prying sight! [*Aside*.

CLEANTHES.

Mean while I'll seek the shepherd's cool abodes,
Point me, fair nymph, along these doubtful roads.

LAURA.

Seest thou yon' mountain rear his shaggy brow?
In the green valley graze the flocks below:
There ev'ry gale with warbling musick flotes,
Shade answers shade, and breathes alternate notes.
[*Exit* Cleanthes.
He's gone; and to the distant vales is sent,
Nor shall his force *Dione*'s love prevent.
But see, she comes again with hasty pace,
And conscious pleasure dimples on her face.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

LAURA. DIONE.

DIONE.

I found her laid beſide the cryſtal brook,
Nor rais'd ſhe from the ſtream her ſettled look,
Till near her ſide I ſtood; her head ſhe rears,
Starts ſudden, and her ſhrieks confeſs her fears.

LAURA.

Did not thy words her thoughtful ſoul ſurpriſe,
And kindle ſparkling anger in her eyes?

DIONE.

Thus ſhe reply'd, with rage and ſcorn poſſeſt.
' Will importuning love ne'er give me reſt?
' Why am I thus in deſarts wild purſu'd,
' Like guilty conſciences when ſtain'd with blood?
' Sure boding ravens, from the blaſted oak,
' Shall learn the name of *Lycidas* to croak,
' To ſound it in my ears! As ſwains paſs by,
' With look askance, they ſhake their heads and cry,

'Lo! this is ſhe for whom the ſhepherd dy'd!
'Soon *Lycidas*, a victim to her pride,
'Shall ſeek the grave; and in the glimm'ring glade,
'With look all pale, ſhall glide the reſtleſs ſhade
'Of the poor ſwain; while we with haggard eye
'And briſtled hair the fleeting phantom fly.
Still let their curſes innocence upbraid:
Heav'n never will forſake the virtuous maid.

LAURA.

Didſt thou perſiſt to touch her haughty breaſt?

DIONE.

She ſtill the more diſdain'd, the more I preſt.

LAURA.

When you were gone, theſe walks a ſtranger croſt,
He turn'd through ev'ry path, and wander'd loſt;
To me he came; with courteous ſpeech demands
Beneath what bowers repos'd the ſhepherd bands;
Then further asks me, if among that race
A ſhepherdeſs was found of courtly grace;
With profer'd bribes my faithful tongue eſſays;
But for no bribe the faithful tongue betrays.

In

In me *Dione's* ſafe. Far hence he ſpeeds,
Where other hills reſound with other reeds.

DIONE.

Should he come back; Suſpicion's jealous eyes
Might trace my feature through the ſwain's diſguiſe.
Now ev'ry noiſe and whiſtling wind I dread,
And in each ſound approaches human tread.

LAURA.

He ſaid, he left your Houſe involv'd in cares,
Sighs ſwell'd each breaſt, each eye o'erflow'd with tears;
For his loſt child thy penſive father mourns,
And ſunk in ſorrow to the duſt returns.
Go back, obedient daughter; hence depart,
And ſtill the ſighs that tear his anxious heart.
Soon ſhall *Evander*, wearied with diſdain,
Forego theſe fields, and ſeek the town again.

DIONE.

Think, *Laura*, what thy haſty thoughts perſuade.
If I return, to Love a victim made,
My wrathful Sire will force his harſh command,
And with *Cleanthes* join my trembling hand.

LAURA.

Trust a fond father; raise him from despair.

DIONE.

I fly not him; I fly a life of care.
On the high nuptials of the Court look round;
Where shall, alas, one happy pair be found!
There marriage is for servile int'rest sought:
Is love for wealth or power or title bought?
'Tis hence domestick jars their peace destroy,
And loose adult'ry steals the shameful joy.
But search we wide o'er all the blissful plains,
Where love alone, devoid of int'rest, reigns.
What concord in each happy pair appears!
How fondness strengthens with the rolling years!
Superior power ne'er thwarts their soft delights,
Nor jealous accusations wake their nights.

LAURA.

May all those blessings on *Dione* fall

DIONE.

Grant me, *Evander*, and I share them all.

Shall

Shall a fond Parent give perpetual ſtrife,
And doom his child to be a wretch for life?
Though he bequeath'd me all theſe woods and plains,
And all the flocks the ruſſet down contains;
With all the golden harveſts of the year,
Far as where yonder purple mountains rear;
Can theſe the broils of nuptial life prevent?
Can theſe, without *Evander*, give content?
But ſee, he comes.

LAURA.

——————— I'll to the vales repair,
Where wanders by the ſtream my fleecy care.
Mayſt thou the rage of this new flame controul,
And wake *Dione* in his tender Soul! [*Ex.* Laura.

SCENE V.

DIONE. LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Say, my *Alexis*, can thy words impart
Kind rays of hope to cheer a doubtful heart?
How didst thou first my pangs of love disclose?
Did her disdainful brow confirm my woes?
Or did soft pity in her bosom rise,
Heave on her breast, and languish in her eyes?

DIONE.

How shall my tongue the falt'ring tale explain!
My heart drops blood to give the shepherd pain.

LYCIDAS.

Pronounce her utmost scorn; I come prepar'd
To meet my doom. Say, is my death declar'd?

DIONE.

Why should thy fate depend on Woman's will?
Forget this tyrant, and be happy still.

LYCIDAS.

Didst thou beseech her not to speed her flight,
Nor shun with wrathful glance my hated sight?
Will she consent my sighing plaint to hear,
Nor let my piercing crys be lost in air?

DIONE.

Can mariners appease the tossing storm,
When foaming waves the yawning deep deform?
When o'er the sable cloud the thunder flies,
Say, who shall calm the terror of the skies?
Who shall the lion's famish'd roar asswage;
And can we still proud woman's stronger rage?
Soon as my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name,
Sudden her glances shot resentful flame:
Be dumb, she cries, this whining love give o'er,
And vex me with the teazing theme no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis pride alone that keeps alive her scorn,
On the mean swain in humble cottage born.
Can Poverty that haughty heart obtain
Where avarice and strong ambition reign?

If Poverty paſs by in tatter'd coat,
Curs vex his heels and ſtretch their barking throat;
If chance he mingle in the female croud,
Pride toſſes high her head, Scorn laughs aloud;
Each nymph turns from him to her gay gallant,
And wonders at the impudence of Want.
'Tis vanity that rules all woman-kind,
Love is the weakeſt paſſion of their mind.

DIONE.

Though one is by thoſe ſervile views poſſeſt,
O *Lycidas*, condemn not all the reſt.

LYCIDAS.

Though I were bent beneath a load of years,
And ſeventy winters thin'd my hoary hairs;
Yet if my olive branches dropt with oil,
And crooked ſhares were brighten'd in my ſoil,
If lowing herds my fat'ning meads poſſeſt,
And my white fleece the tawny mountain dreſt;
Then would ſhe lure me with love-darting glance,
Then with fond mercenary ſmiles advance.
Though hell with ev'ry vice my ſoul had ſtain'd,
And froward anger in my boſom reign'd,

Though

Though avarice my coffers cloath'd in ruſt,
And my joints trembled with enfeebled luſt;
Yet were my ancient name with titles great,
How would ſhe languiſh for the gaudy bait!
If to her love all-tempting wealth pretend,
What virtuous woman can her heart defend!

D I O N E.

Conqueſts, thus meanly bought, men ſoon deſpiſe,
And juſtly ſlight the mercenary prize.

L Y C I D A S.

I know theſe frailties in her breaſt reſide,
Direct her glance and ev'ry action guide.
Still let *Alexis*' faithful friendſhip aid,
Once more attempt to bend the ſtubborn maid.
Tell her, no baſe-born ſwain provokes her ſcorn,
No clown, beneath the ſedgy cottage born;
Tell her, for her this ſylvan dreſs I took,
For her my name and pomp of Courts forſook;
My lofty roofs with golden ſculpture ſhine,
And my high birth deſcends from ancient line.

DIONE.

Love is a ſacred voluntary fire,
Gold never bought that pure, that chaſte deſire.
Who thinks true love for lucre to poſſeſs,
Shall graſp falſe flatt'ry and the feign'd careſs:
Can we believe that mean, that ſervile wiſe,
Who vilely ſells her dear-bought love for life,
Would not her virtue for an hour reſign,
If in her ſight the profer'd treaſure ſhine.

LYCIDAS.

Can reaſon (when by winds ſwift fires are born
O'er waving harveſts of autumnal corn)
The driving fury of the flame reprove?
Who then ſhall reaſon with a heart in love?

DIONE.

Yet let me ſpeak; O may my words perſuade
The noble youth to quit this ſylvan maid!
Reſign thy crook, no more to plains reſort,
Look round on all the beauties of the Court;
There ſhall thy merit find a worthy flame,
Some nymph of equal wealth and equal name.

Thus,

Think, if these offers should thy wish obtain,
And should the rustick beauty stoop to gain:
Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' unequal fire,
The sudden blaze would in one year expire;
Then thy rash folly thou too late shalt chide,
To Poverty and base-born blood ally'd;
Her vulgar tongue shall animate the strife,
And hourly discord vex thy future life.

LYCIDAS.

Such is the force thy faithful words impart,
That like the galling goad they pierce my heart
You think fair virtue in my breast resides,
That honest truth my lips and actions guides,
Deluded shepherd, could you view my soul,
You'd see it with deceit and treach'ry foul?
I'm base, perfidious. Ere from Court I came,
Love singled from the train a beauteous dame;
The tender maid my fervent vows believ'd,
My fervent vows the tender maid deceiv'd,
Why dost thou tremble? ---- why thus heave thy sighs?
Why steal the silent sorrows from thy eyes?

DIONE.

DIONE.

Sure the ſoft lamb hides rage within his breaſt,
And cooing turtles are with hate poſſeſt;
When from ſo ſweet a tongue flow fraud and lies,
And thoſe meek looks a perjur'd heart diſguiſe.
Ah! who ſhall now on faithleſs man depend?
The treach'rous lover proves as falſe a friend.

LYCIDAS.

When with *Dione*'s love my boſom glow'd,
Firm conſtancy and truth ſincere I vow'd;
But ſince *Parthenia*'s brighter charms were known,
My love, my conſtancy and truth are flown.

DIONE.

Are not thy hours with conſcious anguiſh flung?
Swift vengeance muſt o'ertake the perjur'd tongue.
The Gods the cauſe of injur'd love aſſert,
And arm with ſtubborn pride *Parthenia*'s heart.

LYCIDAS.

Go, try her; tempt her with my birth and ſtate,
Stronger ambition will ſubdue her hate.

DIONE.

DIONE.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that loſt maid,
Whoſe hourly ſighs thy faithleſs oath upbraid!
Think you behold her at the dead of night,
Plac'd by the glimm'ring taper's paly light,
With all your letters ſpread before her view,
While trickling tears the tender lines bedew;
Sobbing ſhe reads the perj'rys o'er and o'er,
And her long nights know peaceful ſleep no more.

LYCIDAS.

Let me forget her.

DIONE.

——————————O falſe youth, relent;
Think ſhould *Parthenia* to thy hopes conſent;
When *Hymen* joins your hands, and muſick's voice
Makes the glad echoes of thy domes rejoyce,
Then ſhall *Dione* force the crouded hall,
Kneel at thy feet and loud for juſtice call;
Could you behold her weltring on the ground,
The purple dagger reeking from the wound?

Could

Could you unmov'd this dreadful ſight ſurvey ?
Such fatal ſcenes ſhall ſtain thy bridal day.

LYCIDAS.

The horrid thought ſinks deep into my ſoul,
And down my cheek unwilling ſorrows roll.

DIONE.

From this new flame you may as yet recede.
Or have you doom'd that guiltleſs maid ſhall bleed ?

LYCIDAS.

Name her no more. --- Haſte, ſeek the ſylvan Fair.

DIONE.

Should the rich profer tempt her liſt'ning ear,
Bid all your peace adieu. O barb'rous youth,
Can you forgo your honour, love and truth ?
Yet ſhould *Parthenia* wealth and title ſlight,
Would juſtice then reſtore *Dione*'s right ?
Would you then dry her ever-falling tears ;
And bleſs with honeſt love your future years ?

LYCIDAS.

I'll in yon' shade thy wish'd return attend;
Come quickly come, and cheer thy sighing friend.
[*Exit* Lycidas.

DIONE.

Should her proud soul resist the tempting bait,
Should she contemn his profer'd wealth and state,
Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move,
And in his bosom wake the dying love.
As the pale wretch involv'd in doubts and fears,
All trembling in the judgment-hall appears;
So shall I stand before *Parthenia*'s eyes,
For as she dooms, *Dione* lives or dies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LYCIDAS. PARTHENIA asleep in a bower.

LYCIDAS.

MAY no rude wind the ruſtling branches move;
Breathe ſoft, ye ſilent gales, nor wake my Love.
Ye ſhepherds, piping homeward on the way,
Let not the diſtant echoes learn your lay;
Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat,
May no loud ſhake prolong the ſhriller note,
Leſt ſhe awake; O ſleep, ſecure her eyes,
That I may gaze; for if ſhe wake, ſhe flies.
While eaſy dreams compoſe her peaceful ſoul,
What anxious cares within my boſom roll!

If tir'd with ſighs beneath the beech I lye,
And languid ſlumber cloſe my weeping eye,
Her lovely viſion riſes to my view,
Swift flys the nymph, and ſwift would I purſue;
I ſtrive to call, my tongue has loſt its ſound;
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumm'd are bound;
Struggling I wake. Again my ſorrows flow,
And not one flatt'ring dream deludes my woe.
What innocence! how meek is ev'ry grace!
How ſweet the ſmile that dimples on her face,
Calm as the ſleeping ſeas! but ſhould my ſighs
Too rudely breathe, what angry ſtorms would riſe!
Though the fair roſe with beauteous bluſh is crown'd,
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
The peach, that with inviting crimſon blooms,
Deep at the heart the cank'ring worm conſumes;
'Tis thus, alas! thoſe lovely features hide
Diſdain and anger and reſentful pride.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS. DIONE. PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

Hath profer'd greatneſs yet o'ercome her hate?
And does ſhe languiſh for the glitt'ring bait?
Againſt the ſwain ſhe might her pride ſupport.
Can ſhe ſubdue her ſex, and ſcorn a Court?
Perhaps in dreams the ſhining viſion charms,
And the rich bracelet ſparkles on her arms;
In fancy'd heaps the golden treaſure glows:
Parthenia, wake, all this thy ſwain beſtows.

DIONE.

Sleeps ſhe in theſe cloſe bowers?

LYCIDAS.

——————— Lo! there ſhe lies.

DIONE.

O may no ſtartling ſound unſeal her eyes.

And drive her hence away. 'Till now, in vain
I trod the winding wood and weary plain.
Hence, *Lycidas*, beyond those shades repose,
While I thy fortune and thy birth disclose.

LYCIDAS.

May I *Parthenia* to thy friendship owe!

DIONE.

O rather think on lost *Dione*'s woe!
Must she thy broken faith for ever mourn,
And will that juster passion ne'er return?

LYCIDAS.

Upbraid me not; but go. Her slumbers chase;
And in her view the bright temptation place.

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE III.

DIONE. PARTHENIA.

DIONE.

Now flames the weſtern sky with golden beams,
And the ray kindles on the quiv'ring ſtreams;
Long flights of crows, high-croaking from their food,
Now ſeek the nightly covert of the wood;
The tender graſs with dewy cryſtal bends,
And gath'ring vapour from the heath aſcends.
Shake off this downy reſt; wake, gentle maid,
Truſt not thy charms beneath the noxious ſhade.
Parthenia, riſe.

PARTHENIA.

——— ——— What voice alarms my ear?
Away. Approach not. Hah! *Alexis* there!
Let us together to the vales deſcend,
And to the folds our bleating charge attend;
But let me hear no more that ſhepherd's name,
Vex not my quiet with his hateful flame.

DIONE.

Can I behold him gasping on the ground,
And seek no healing herb to staunch the wound?
For thee continual sighs consume his heart,
'Tis you alone can cure the bleeding smart.
Once more I come the moving cause to plead,
If still his suff'rings cannot intercede,
Yet let my friendship do his passion right,
And show thy lover in his native light.

PARTHENIA.

Why in dark myst'ry are thy words involv'd?
If *Lycidas* you mean; know, I'm resolv'd.

DIONE.

Let not thy kindling rage my words restrain.
Know then; *Parthenia* slights no vulgar swain.
For thee he bears the scrip and sylvan crook,
For thee the glories of a Court forsook.
May not thy heart the wealthy flame decline!
His honours, his possessions, all are thine.

PARTHENIA.

If he's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, beware;
Those who most promise are the least sincere.
The quick-ey'd hawk shoots headlong from above,
And in his pounces bears the trembling dove;
The pilf'ring wolf o'er-leaps the fold's defence,
But the false Courtier preys on innocence.
If he's a Courtier; O ye Nymphs, beware;
Those who most promise are the least sincere.

DIONE.

Alas! thou ne'er hast prov'd the sweets of State,
Nor known that female pleasure, to be great.
'Tis for the town ripe clusters load the poles,
And all our Autumn crowns the Courtier's bowles;
For him our woods the red-ey'd pheasant breed,
And annual coveys in our harvest feed;
For him with fruit the bending branch is stor'd,
Plenty pours all her blessings on his board.
If (when the market to the city calls)
We chance to pass besides his palace walls,
Does not his hall with musick's voice resound,
And the floor tremble with the dancer's bound?

ich

Such are the pleaſures *Lycidas* ſhall give,
When thy relenting boſom bids him live.

PARTHENIA.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from ſpray to ſpray,
Who ſings a farewell to the parting day;
At large he flies o'er hill and dale and down;
Is not each buſh, each ſpreading tree his own?
And canſt thou think he'll quit his native brier,
For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with golden wire?
What then are honours, pomp and gold to me?
Are thoſe a price to purchaſe liberty!

DIONE.

Think, when the *Hymeneal* torch ſhall blaze,
And on the ſolemn rites the virgins gaze;
When thy fair locks with glitt'ring gems are grac'd,
And the bright zone ſhall ſparkle round thy waſte,
How will their hearts with envious ſorrow pine,
When *Lycidas* ſhall join his hand to thine!

PARTHENIA.

And yet, *Alexis*, all that pomp and ſhow
Are oft' the varniſh of internal woe.

When the chaſte lamb is from her ſiſters led,
And interwoven garlands paint her head;
The gazing flock, all envious of her pride,
Behold her ſkipping by the Prieſteſs' ſide;
Each hopes the flow'ry wreath with longing eyes;
While ſhe, alas! is led to ſacrifice!
Thus walks the bride in all her ſtate array'd,
The gaze and envy of each thoughtleſs maid.

D I O N E.

As yet her tongue reſiſts the tempting ſnare,
And guards my panting boſom from deſpair. [*Aſide.*
Can thy ſtrong ſoul this noble flame forego?
Muſt ſuch a lover waſte his life in woe?

P A R T H E N I A.

Tell him, his gifts I ſcorn; not all his art,
Not all his flattery ſhall ſeduce my heart.
Courtiers, I know, are diſciplin'd to cheat,
Their infant lips are taught to liſp deceit;
To prey on eaſy nymphs they range the ſhade,
And vainly boaſt of innocence betray'd;
Chaſte hearts, unlearn'd in falſhood, they aſſail,
And think our ear will drink the grateful tale:

No.

No: *Lycidas* ſhall ne'er my peace deſtroy,
I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

DIONE.

So ſtrong a paſſion in my boſom burns,
Whene'er his ſoul is griev'd, *Alexis* mourns!
Canſt thou this importuning ardor blame?
Would not thy tongue for friendſhip urge the ſame?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, blooming ſwain. You ſhow an honeſt mind;
I ſee it, with the pureſt flame refin'd.
Who ſhall compare love's mean and groſs deſire
To the chaſte zeal of friendſhip's ſacred fire?
By whining love our weakneſs is confeſt;
But ſtronger friendſhip ſhows a virtuous breaſt.
In Folly's heart the ſhort-liv'd blaze may glow,
Wiſdom alone can purer friendſhip know.
Love is a ſudden blaze which ſoon decays,
Friendſhip is like the ſun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhauſt the flame,
It ſtill is giving, and ſtill burns the ſame;
And could *Alexis* from his ſoul remove
All the low images of groſſer love;

Such mild, ſuch gentle looks thy heart declare,
Fain would my breaſt thy faithful friendſhip ſhare.

DIONE.

How dare you in the diff'rent ſex confide?
And ſeek a friendſhip which you ne'er have try'd?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart.
From thy chaſte eye no wanton glances dart:
Thy modeſt lips convey no thought impure,
With thee may ſtricteſt virtue walk ſecure.

DIONE.

Yet can I ſafely on the nymph depend,
Whoſe unrelenting ſcorn can kill my friend!

PARTHENIA.

Accuſe me not, who act a generous part;
Had I, like city maids, a fraudful heart,
Then had his profers taught my ſoul to feign,
Then had I vilely ſtoopt to ſordid gain,
Then had I ſigh'd for honours, pomp and gold,
And for unhappy chains my freedom ſold.

If you would save him, bid him leave the plain,
And to his native city turn again;
There, shall his passion find a ready cure,
There, not one damsel resists the glitt'ring lure.

DIONE.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain.
Alas! thou only canst assuage his pain!

SCENE IV.

DIONE. PARTHENIA. LYCIDAS. [*listening.*

LYCIDAS.

Why stays *Alexis*? can my bosom bear
Thus long alternate storms of hope and fear?
Yonder they walk, no frowns her brow disguise,
But love consenting sparkles in her eyes;
Here will I listen, here, impatient wait.
Spare me, *Parthenia*, and resign thy hate. [*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

When *Lycidas* ſhall to the Court repair,
Still let *Alexis* love his fleecy care,
Still let him chooſe cool grots and ſylvan bowers,
And let *Parthenia* ſhare his peaceful hours.

LYCIDAS.

What do I hear? my friendſhip is betray'd!
The treach'rous rival has ſeduc'd the maid. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

With thee, where bearded goats deſcend the ſteep,
Or where, like winter's ſnow, the nibbling ſheep
Clothe the ſlope hills; I'll paſs the cheerful day,
And from thy reed my voice ſhall catch the lay.
But ſee, ſtill Ev'ning ſpreads her duſky wings,
The flocks, ſlow-moving from the miſty ſprings,
Now ſeek their fold. Come, ſhepherd, let's away,
To cloſe the lateſt labours of the day.

[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS.

My troubled heart what dire disasters rend?
A scornful mistress, and a treach'rous friend!
Would ye be cozen'd, more than woman can;
Unlock your bosom to perfidious man.
One faithful woman have these eyes beheld,
And against her this perjur'd heart rebell'd:
But search as far as earth's wide bounds extend,
Where shall the wretched find one faithful friend?

SCENE VI.

LYCIDAS. DIONE.

LYCIDAS.

Why starts the swain? why turn his eyes away,
As if amidst his path the viper lay?

Did I not to thy charge my heart confide?
Did I not trust thee near *Parthenia*'s side,
As here she slept?

DIONE.

——— ——— — She straight my call obey'd,
And downy slumber left the lovely maid?
As in the morn awakes the folded rose,
And all around her breathing colour throws;
So wak'd *Parthenia*.

LYCIDAS.

——— ——— Could thy guarded heart,
When her full beauty glow'd, put by the dart?
Yet on *Alexis* let my soul depend.
'Tis most ungen'rous to suspect a friend;
And thou, I hope, hast well that name profest.

DIONE.

O could thy piercing eye discern my breast!
Could'st thou the secrets of my bosom see,
There ev'ry thought is fill'd with cares for thee!

LYCI.

LYCIDAS.

Is there, againſt hypocriſy, defence,
Who clothes her words and looks with innocence!
[*Aſide.*

Say, ſhepherd, when you proffer'd wealth and ſtate,
Did not her ſcorn and ſuppled pride abate?

DIONE.

As ſparkling di'monds to the feather'd train,
Who ſcrape the winnow'd chaff in ſearch of grain;
Such to the ſhepherdeſs the Court appears:
Content ſhe ſeeks, and ſpurns thoſe glitt'ring cares.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis not in woman grandeur to deſpiſe,
'Tis not from Courts, from me alone ſhe flies.
Did not my paſſion ſuffer like diſgrace,
While ſhe believ'd me born of ſylvan race?
Doſt thou not think, this proudeſt of her kind
Has to ſome rival ſwain her heart reſign'd?

DIONE.

No rival ſhepherd her diſdain can move;
Her frozen boſom is averſe to love.

LYCIDAS.

Say, art thou ſure, that this ungrateful fair
Scorns all alike, bids all alike deſpair?

DIONE.

How can I know the ſecrets of her heart?

LYCIDAS.

Anſwer ſincere, nor from the queſtion ſtart:
Say, in her glance was never love confeſt,
And is no ſwain diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?

DIONE.

O *Lycidas*, bid all thy troubles ceaſe;
Let not a thought on her diſturb thy peace.
May juſtice bid thy former paſſion wake;
Think how *Dione* ſuffers for thy ſake:
Let not a broken oath thy honour ſtain,
Recall thy vows, and ſeek the town again.

LYCIDAS.

What means *Alexis*? where's thy friendſhip flown?
Why am I baniſh'd to the hateful town?

Hath ſome new ſhepherd warm'd *Parthenia*'s breaſt?
And does my love his am'rous hours moleſt?
Is it for this thou bid'ſt me quit the plain?
Yes, yes, thou fondly lov'ſt this rival ſwain.
When firſt my cheated ſoul thy friendſhip woo'd,
To my warm heart I took the vip'rous brood.
O falſe *Alexis!*

DIONE.

———————— Why am I accus'd?
Thy jealous mind is by weak fears abus'd.

LYCIDAS.

Was not thy boſom fraught with falſe deſign?
Didſt thou not plead his cauſe, and give up mine?
Let not thy tongue evaſive anſwer ſeek;
The conſcious crimſon riſes on thy cheek:
Thy coward conſcience, by thy guilt diſmay'd,
Shakes in each joint, and owns that I'm betray'd.

DIONE.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O ſpare thy friend!

LYCIDAS.

Seek not detected falſhood to defend.

DIONE.

DIONE.

Beware; left blind suspicion rashly blame;

LYCIDAS.

Own thy self then the rival of my flame.
If this be she for whom *Alexis* pin'd;
She now no more is to thy vows unkind.
Behind the thicket's twisted verdure laid,
I witness'd ev'ry tender thing she said;
I saw bright pleasure kindle in her eyes,
Love warm'd each feature at thy soft replies.

DIONE.

Yet hear me speak.

LYCIDAS.

——————— In vain is all defence.
Did not thy treach'rous hand conduct her hence?
Haste, from my sight, Rage burns in ev'ry vein;
Never approach my just revenge again.

DIONE.

O search my heart; there injur'd truth shoul't find.

LYCI-

LYCIDAS.

Talk not of Truth; long ſince ſhe left mankind.
So ſmooth a tongue! and yet ſo falſe a heart!
Sure Courts firſt taught thee fawning friendſhip's art!
No. Thou art falſe by nature.

DIONE.

——————— Let me clear
This heavy charge, and prove my truſt ſincere.

LYCIDAS.

Boaſt then her favours; ſay, what happy hour
Next calls to meet her in th' appointed bower;
Say when and where you met.

DIONE.

——————— Be rage ſuppreſt.
In ſtabbing mine, you wound *Parthenia*'s breaſt.
She ſaid, ſhe ſtill defy'd Love's keeneſt dart;
Yet purer friendſhip might divide her heart,
Friendſhip's ſincerer bands ſhe wiſh'd to prove.

LYCIDAS.

A woman's friendſhip ever ends in love.
Think not theſe fooliſh tales my faith command;
Did not I ſee thee preſs her ſnowy hand?
O may her paſſion like thy Friendſhip laſt!
May ſhe betray thee ere the day be paſt!
Hence then. Away. Thou'rt hateful to my ſight,
And thus I ſpurn the fawning hypocrite. [*Ex.* Lycid.

SCENE VII.

DIONE.

Was ever grief like mine! O wretched maid!
My friendſhip wrong'd! my conſtant love betray'd!
Misfortune haunts my ſteps where-e'er I go,
And all my days are overcaſt with woe.
Long have I ſtrove th' increaſing load to bear,
Now faints my ſoul, and ſinks into deſpair.
O lead me to the hanging mountain's cell,
In whoſe brown cliffs the fowls of darkneſs dwell;

Where

Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall,
Shall lull my sorrows with the tinkling fall.
There, seek thy grave. How canst thou bear the light,
When banish'd ever from *Evander*'s sight!

SCENE VIII.

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows?
Does the proud nymph accept *Evander*'s vows?

DIONE

Can I bear life with these new pangs opprest!
Again he tears me from his faithless breast:
A perjur'd Lover first he sought these plains,
And now my friendship like my love disdains.
As I new offers to *Parthenia* made,
Conceal'd he stood behind the woodbine shade.
He says, my treach'rous tongue his heart betray'd,
That my false speeches have misled the maid;

With

With groundless fear he thus his soul deceives;
What frenzy dictates, jealousy believes.

LAURA.

Resign thy crook, put off this manly vest,
And let the wrong'd *Dione* stand confest;
When he shall learn what sorrows thou hast born,
And find that nought relents *Parthenia*'s scorn,
Sure he will pity thee.

DIONE.

——————— No, *Laura*, no.
Should I, alas! the sylvan dress forgo,
Then might he think that I her pride foment,
That injur'd love instructs me to resent;
Our secret enterprize might fatal prove:
Man flies the plague of persecuting love.

LAURA.

Avoid *Parthenia*; lest his rage grow warm,
And jealousy resolve some fatal harm.

DIONE.

O *Laura*, if thou chance the youth to find,
Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;

Should

Should I once more his awful presence seek,
The silent tears would bathe my glowing cheek;
By rising sighs my falt'ring voice be stay'd,
And trembling fear too soon confess the maid.
Haste, *Laura*, then; his vengeful soul assuage,
Tell him, I'm guiltless; cool his blinded rage;
Tell him, that truth sincere my friendship brought,
Let him not cherish one suspicious thought.
Then to convince him, his distrust was vain,
I'll never, never see that nymph again.
This way he went.

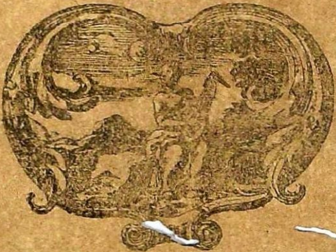
LAURA.

——————— See, at the call of night,
The star of ev'ning sheds his silver light
High o'er yon western hill: the cooling gales
Fresh odours breathe along the winding dales;
Far from their home as yet our shepherds stray,
To close with chearful walk the sultry day.
Methinks from far I hear the piping swain;
Hark, in the breeze now swells, now sinks the strain!
Thither I'll seek him.

D I O N E.

——— ——— While this length of glade
Shall lead me pensive through the sable shade;
Where on the branches murmure rushing winds,
Grateful as falling floods to love-sick minds.
O may this path to Death's dark vale descend!
There only, can the wretched hope a friend.

[*Exeunt se*



ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Wood.

DIONE. CLEANTHES, (who lies wounded in a distant part of the stage.)

DIONE.

THE Moon serene now climbs th'aerial way;
See, at her sight ten thousand stars decay:
With trembling gleam she tips the silent grove,
While all beneath the checquer'd shadows move.
Turn back thy silver axles, downward roll,
Darkness best fits the horrors of my soul.
Rise, rise, ye clouds; the face of heav'n deform,
Veil the bright Goddess in a sable storm:
Look not down upon a wretched maid!
Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid,

And

And light his wandring footsteps to the bower,
Where the kind nymph attends th' appointed hour.
Yet thou hast seen unhappy love, like mine;
Did not thy lamp in Heav'n's blue forehead shine,
When *Thisbe* sought her Love along the glade?
Didst thou not then behold the gleaming blade,
And gild the fatal point that stabb'd her breast?
Soon I, like her, shall seek the realms of rest.
Let groves of mournful yew a wretch surround!
O sooth my ear with melancholy sound!
The village curs now stretch their yelling throat,
And dogs from distant cots return the note;
The rav'nous wolf along the valley prowls,
And with his famish'd cries the mountain howls.
But hark! what sudden noise advances near?
Repeated groans alarm my frighted ear!

CLEANTHES.

Shepherd, approach; ah! fly not through the glade,
A wretch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

DIONE.

Say then, unhappy stranger, how you bled;
Collect thy spirits, raise thy drooping head.

[Cleanthes *raises himself on his arm.*

O horrid sight! *Cleanthes* gasping lies;
And Death's black shadows float before his eyes.
Unknown in this disguise, I'll check my woe,
And learn what bloody hand has struck the blow. [*Aside.*
Say, youth, ere Fate thy feeble voice confounds,
What led thee hither? whence these purple wounds?

CLEANTHES.

Stay, fleeting life; may strength a-while prevail,
Lest my clos'd lips confine th' imperfect tale.
Ere the streak'd East grew warm with amber ray,
I from the city took my doubtful way,
Far o'er the plains I sought a beauteous maid,
Who from the Court, in these wide forests stray'd,
Wanders unknown; as I, with weary pain,
Try'd ev'ry path, and op'ning glade in vain;
A band of thieves, forth-rushing from the wood,
Unsheath'd their daggers warm with daily blood;
Deep in my breast the barb'rous steel is dy'd,
And purple hands the golden prey divide.
Hence are these mangling wounds. Say, gentle swain,
If thou hast known among the sylvan train
The vagrant nymph I seek?

DIONE.

———————— What mov'd thy care,
Thus, in these pathless wilds to search the fair?

CLEANTHES.

I charge you, O ye daughters of the grove,
Ye *Naiads*, who the mossy fountains love,
Ye happy swains, who range the pastures wide,
Ye tender nymphs, who feed your flocks beside;
If my last gasping breath can pity move,
If e'er ye knew the pangs of slighted love,
Show her, I charge you, where *Cleanthes* dy'd,
The grass yet reeking with the sanguine tide.
A father's power to me the virgin gave,
But she disdain'd to live a nuptial slave;
So fled her native home.

DIONE.

———————— 'Tis then from thee
Springs the foul source of all her misery.
Could'st thou, thy selfish appetite to please,
Condemn to endless woes another's peace?

CLEANTHES.

O ſpare me; nor my hapleſs love upbraid,
While on my heart Death's frozen hand is laid!
Go, ſeek her, guide her where *Cleanthes* bled;
When ſhe ſurveys her lover pale and dead,
Tell her, that ſince ſhe fled my hateful ſight,
Without remorſe I ſought the realms of night.
Methinks I ſee her view theſe poor remains,
And on her cheek indecent gladneſs reigns!
Full in her preſence cold *Cleanthes* lies,
And not one tear ſtands trembling in her eyes!
O let a ſigh my hapleſs fate deplore!
Cleanthes now controuls thy love no more.

DIONE.

How ſhall my lids confine theſe riſing woes? [*Aſide.*

CLEANTHES.

O might I ſee her, ere Death's finger cloſe
Theſe eyes for ever! might her ſoften'd breaſt
Forgive my love with too much ardor preſt!
Then I with peace could yield my lateſt breath.

DIONE.

Shall I not calm the ſable hour of death,
And ſhow my ſelf before him! --- Hah! he dies.
See, from his trembling lip the ſpirit flies! [Aſide.
Stay yet a while. *Dione* ſtands confeſt.
He knows me not. He faints, he ſinks to reſt.

CLEANTHES.

Tell her, ſince all my hopes in her were loſt,
That death was welcome — [Dies.

DIONE.

What ſudden guſts of grief my boſom rend?
A parent's curſes o'er my head impend
For diſobedient vows; O wretched maid,
Thoſe very vows *Evander* hath betray'd.
See, at thy feet *Cleanthes* bath'd in blood!
For love of thee he trod this lonely wood.
Thou art the cruel authreſs of his fate?
He falls by thine, thou, by *Evander's* hate.
When ſhall my ſoul know reſt! *Cleanthes* ſlain
No longer ſighs and weeps for thy diſdain.

Thou

Th[illegible] art curst with love. Bleed, virgin, bleed.
How shall a wretch from anxious life be freed!
My troubled brain with sudden frenzy burns,
And shatter'd thought now this now that way turns:
What do I see thus glitt'ring on the plains?
Hah! the dread sword yet warm with crimson stains!

[*Takes up the dagger.*

SCENE II.

DIONE. PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour.
This path directs me to my sylvan bower. [*Aside.*

DIONE.

Why is my soul with sudden fear dismay'd!
Why drops my trembling hand the pointed blade?
O [illegible]ing my arm with force! [*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

——————— Methought a noise
Broke through the silent air, like human voice. [*Aside.*

DIONE.

One well-aim'd blow ſhall all my pangs remove,
Graſp firm the fatal ſteel, and ceaſe to love. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

Sure 'twas *Alexis*. Hah! a ſword diſplay'd!
The ſtreaming luſtre darts a-croſs the ſhade. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

May Heav'n new vigour to my ſoul impart,
And guide the deſp'rate weapon to my heart! [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

May I the meditated death arreſt! [*Holds* Dione's *hand.*
Strike not, raſh ſhepherd; ſpare thy guiltleſs breaſt.
O give me ſtrength to ſtay the threaten'd harm,
And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm!

DIONE.

What cruel hand withholds the welcome blow?
In giving life, you but prolong my woe.
O may not thus th' expected ſtroke impend!
Unlooſe thy graſp, and let ſwift death deſcend.

But

But [illegible] murder thy red hands hath dy'd;
Here! Pierce me deep; let forth the vital tide.
[Dione *quits the dagger.*

PARTHENIA.

Wait not thy fate; but this way turn thy eyes:
My virgin hand no purple murder dyes.
Turn then, *Alexis*; and *Parthenia* know,
'Tis ſhe protects thee from the fatal blow.

DIONE.

Muſt the night-watches by my ſighs be told?
And muſt theſe eyes another morn behold
Through dazling floods of tears? ungen'rous maid,
The friendly ſtroke is by thy hand delay'd;
Call it not mercy to prolong my breath;
'Tis but to torture me with lingring death.

PARTHENIA.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part?
Whence are theſe gnawing pangs that tear thy heart?
Is that thy friend who lies before thee ſlain?
Is't his wound that reeks upon the plain?
Is't *Lycidas*?

M 4 DIONE.

D I O N E.

———— No. I the ſtranger found,
Ere chilly death his frozen tongue had bound.
He ſaid; as at the roſy dawn of day,
He from the city took his vagrant way,
A murd'ring band pour'd on him from the wood,
Firſt ſeiz'd his gold, then bath'd their ſwords in blood.

P A R T H E N I A.

You, whoſe ambition labours to be great,
Think on the perils which on riches wait.
Safe are the ſhepherd's paths; when ſober Even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of heaven,
From danger free, through deſerts wild he hies,
The riſing ſmoke far o'er the mountain ſpies,
Which marks his diſtant cottage; on he fares,
For him no murd'rers lay their nightly ſnares;
They paſs him by, they turn their ſteps away;
Safe Poverty was ne'er the villain's prey.
At home he lies ſecure in eaſy ſleep,
No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep;
No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the buried gold;

Nor

Nor [illegible] from his couch aghaſt and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
While he, whoſe iron coffers ruſt with wealth,
Harbours beneath his roof Deceit and Stealth;
Treach'ry with lurking pace frequents his walks,
And cloſe behind him horrid murder ſtalks.
'Tis tempting lucre makes the villain bold.
There lies a bleeding ſacrifice to gold.

DIONE.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares,
And journey through a tedious vale of tears.
Had you not ruſh'd between, my life had flown;
And I, like him, no more had ſorrow known.

PARTHENIA.

When anguiſh in the gloomy boſom dwells,
The counſel of a friend the cloud diſpells.
Give thy breaſt vent, the ſecret grief impart,
And ſay what woe lies heavy at thy heart.
To ſave thy life kind Heav'n has ſuccour ſent,
The Gods by me thy threaten'd fate prevent.

DIONE.

DIONE.

No. To prevent it, is beyond thy power;
Thou only canst defer the welcome hour.
When you the lifted dagger turn'd aside,
Only one road to death thy force deny'd;
Still fate is in my reach. From mountains high,
Deep in whose shadow craggy ruins lie,
Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe,
And dash out life against the flints below?
Are there not streams, and lakes and rivers wide,
Where my last breath may bubble on the tide?
No. Life shall never flatter me again,
Nor shall to-morrow bring new sighs and pain.

PARTHENIA.

Can I this burden of thy soul relieve,
And calm thy grief?

DIONE.

——————— If thou wilt comfort give;
Plight me thy word, and to that word be just;
When poor *Alexis* shall be laid in dust,

That

That [illegible] no longer shall command thy mind,
That thou wilt spare the friend I leave behind.
I know his virtue worthy of thy breast.
Long in thy love may *Lycidas* be blest!

PARTHENIA.

That swain (who would my liberty controul,
To please some short-liv'd transport of his soul)
Shows, while his importuning flame he moves,
That 'tis not me, himself alone he loves.
O live, nor leave him by misfortune prest;
'Tis shameful to desert a friend distrest.

DIONE.

Alas! a wretch like me no loss would prove,
Would kind *Parthenia* listen to his love.

PARTHENIA.

Why hides thy bosom this mysterious grief?
Ease thy o'erburden'd heart, and hope relief.

DIONE.

What profits it to touch thy tender breast,
With wrongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redrest?

Let

Let in my heart the fatal secret dye,
Nor call up sorrow in another's eye!

SCENE III.

DIONE. PARTHENIA. LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

If *Laura* right direct the darksom ways,
Along these paths the pensive shepherd strays. [*Aside.*

DIONE.

Let not a tear for me roll down thy cheek.
O would my throbbing sighs my heart-strings break!
Why was my breast the lifted Stroke deny'd?
Must then again the deathful deed be try'd?
Yes. 'Tis resolv'd. [*Snatches the Dagger from* Parthenia.

PARTHENIA.

———————— Ah, hold; forbear, fo[illegible]

LYCIDAS.

Methought Distress with shrieks alarm'd my ear.

PAR-

PARTHENIA.

Strike not. Ye Gods, defend him from the wound.

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Tis *Parthenia*'s voice, I know the found.
Some fylvan raviſher would force the maid,
And *Laura* fent me to her virtue's aid.
Die, villain, die; and feek the ſhades below.

[Lycidas *fnatches the dagger from* Dione, *and ftabs her*.

DIONE.

Whoe'er thou art, I bleſs thee for the blow.

LYCIDAS.

Since Heav'n ordain'd this arm thy life ſhould guard,
O hear my vows! be love the juſt reward.

PARTHENIA.

Rather let vengeance, with her ſwifteſt ſpeed
O'ertake thy flight, and recompenſe the deed!
Why ſtay the thunder in the upper ſky?
Gather, ye clouds; ye forky lightnings, fly;

On

On thee may all the wrath of Heav'n deſcend,
Whoſe barb'rous hand hath ſlain a faithful friend.
Behold *Alexis*!

LYCIDAS.

——— ——— Would that treach'rous boy
Have forc'd thy virtue to his brutal joy?
What rous'd his paſſion to this bold advance?
Did e'er thy eyes confeſs one willing glance?
I know, the faithleſs youth his truſt betray'd;
And well the dagger hath thy wrongs repay'd.

DIONE [*raiſing herſelf on her arm.*

Breaks not *Evander's* voice along the glade?
Hah! is it he who holds the reeking blade!
There needed not or poiſon, ſword, or dart;
Thy faithleſs vows, alas! had broke my heart. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

O tremble, ſhepherd, for thy raſh offence,
The ſword is dy'd with murder'd innocence.
His gentle ſoul no brutal paſſion ſeiz'd,
Nor at my boſom was the dagger rais'd;

Self-[illegible] w[a]s his aim; the youth I found
Whelm'd in deſpair, and ſtay'd the falling wound.

DIONE.

Into what miſchiefs is the lover led,
Who calls down vengeance on his perjur'd head!
O may he ne'er bewail this deſp'rate deed,
And may, unknown, unwept, *Dione* bleed! [*Aſide.*

LYCIDAS.

What horrors on the guilty mind attend!
His conſcience had reveng'd an injur'd friend,
Hadſt thou not held the ſtroke. In death he ſought
To loſe the heart-conſuming pain of thought.
Did not the ſmooth-tongu'd boy perfidious prove,
Plead his own paſſion, and betray my love?

DIONE.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know;
Leſt his raſh tranſport, to revenge the blow,
Should in his dearer heart the dagger ſtain!
[illegible] would pierce my ſoul with double pain.
[*Aſide.*

PAR-

PARTHENIA.

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold)
With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

LYCIDAS.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendship true?
Then I'm a wretch. All peace of mind, adieu!
If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein,
Alexis, speak; unclose those lips again.

[*Flings himself on the ground near* Dione.

See at thy feet the barb'rous villain kneel!
'Tis *Lycidas* who grasps the bloody steel,
Thy once lov'd friend. ----- Yet ere I cease to live,
Canst thou a wretched penitent forgive?

DIONE.

When low beneath the sable sod I rest,
May a sincerer friendship share thy breast!
Why are those heaving groans? (ah! cease to weep!)
May my lost name in dark oblivion sleep;
Let this sad tale no speaking stone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.

Let o'er my grave the lev'ling plough-share pass,
Mark not the spot; forget that e'er I was.
Then mayst thou with *Parthenia*'s love be blest,
And not one thought on me thy joys molest!
My swimming eyes are overpower'd with light,
And darkning shadows fleet before my sight,
Mayst thou be happy? ah! my soul is free. [*Dies.*

LYCIDAS.

O cruel shepherd! 'twas for love of thee [*To* Parthenia.
This fatal deed was done.

SCENE *the Last.*

LYCIDAS. PARTHENIA. LAURA.

LAURA.

——— ——— ——— *Alexis* slain!

LYCIDAS.

Yes, I did it. See this crimson stain!

My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd.
O may the Moon her ſilver beauty hide
In rolling clouds! my ſoul abhors the light;
Shade, ſhade the murd'rer in eternal night!

LAURA.

No rival ſhepherd is before thee laid;
There bled the chaſteſt, the ſincereſt maid
That ever ſigh'd for love. On [illegible]
Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace
Of thy once dear *Dione?* with wan care
Sunk are thoſe eyes, and livid with deſpair!

LYCIDAS.

Dione!

LAURA.

——— ——— There pure conſtancy lies dead!

LYCIDAS.

May Heav'n ſhower vengeance on this perjur'd head!
As the dry branch that withers on the ground,
So, blaſted be the hand that gave the wo

...f; hold me not. This heart deferves the ftroke;
'Tis black with treach'ry. Yes: the Vows are broke
[*Stabs himfelf.*
Which I fo often fwore. Vain world, adieu!
Though ... wa... ...lfe in life, in death I'm true. [*Dies.*

LAURA.

To-morrow fhall the funeral rites be paid,
And thefe Love victims in one grave be laid.

PARTHENIA.

There fhall the yew her fable branches fpread,
And mournful cyprefs rear her fringed head.

LAURA.

From thence fhall thyme and myrtle fend perfume,
And laurel ever-green o'erfhade the tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Come, *Laura*; let us leave this horrid wood,
Where ftreams the purple grafs with lovers blood;
...m... ...y bower. And as we forrowing go,
Let p... ...'s ftory feed my woe

With

With heart-relieving tears. ----

LAURA. [*Pointing to* Dione.

——————— Unhappy maid,
Hadſt thou a Parent's juſt command obey'd,
Thou yet hadſt liv'd. ---- But who ſhall Love adviſe ?
Love ſcorns command, and breaks all other tyes.
Henceforth, ye ſwains, be true to vows profeſt ;
For certain vengeance ſtrikes the perjur'd breaſt.

FINIS.